

5-12-70  
Featuring  
THE

# BLACK HOOD

# TOP-NOTCH

FEB.  
10¢  
15¢ in Canada

NO. 12

THE WIZARD  
ROY...  
WITH  
THE SUPER-BOY!



Al. Corn



# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY

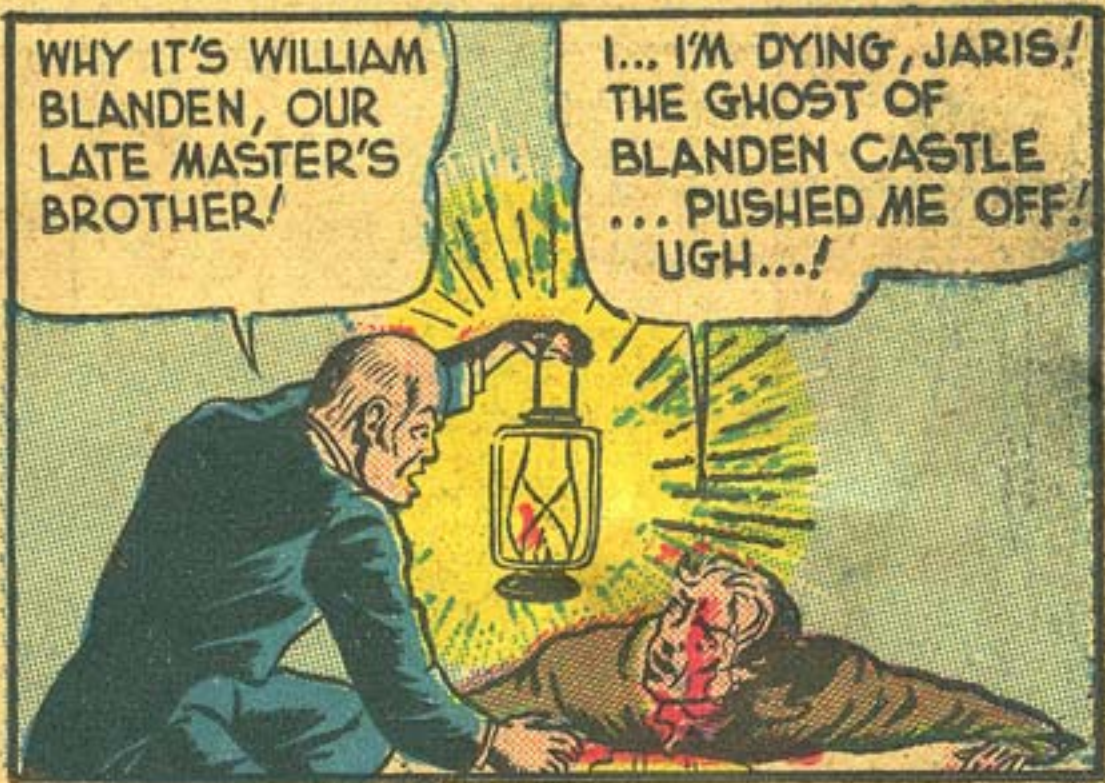
by Carmy & Shorten



HIGH IN THE ROCK-RIBBED HILLS, GLOOMY AND DESOLATE, STANDS BLANDEN CASTLE, BUILT CENTURIES AGO IN SCOTLAND AND TRANSPORTED TO AMERICA STONE BY STONE. IT HAS BROUGHT WITH IT A HERITAGE OF DEATH, WEIRD AND VIOLENT. INTO THIS GRIM SETTING, STEPS THE BLACK HOOD

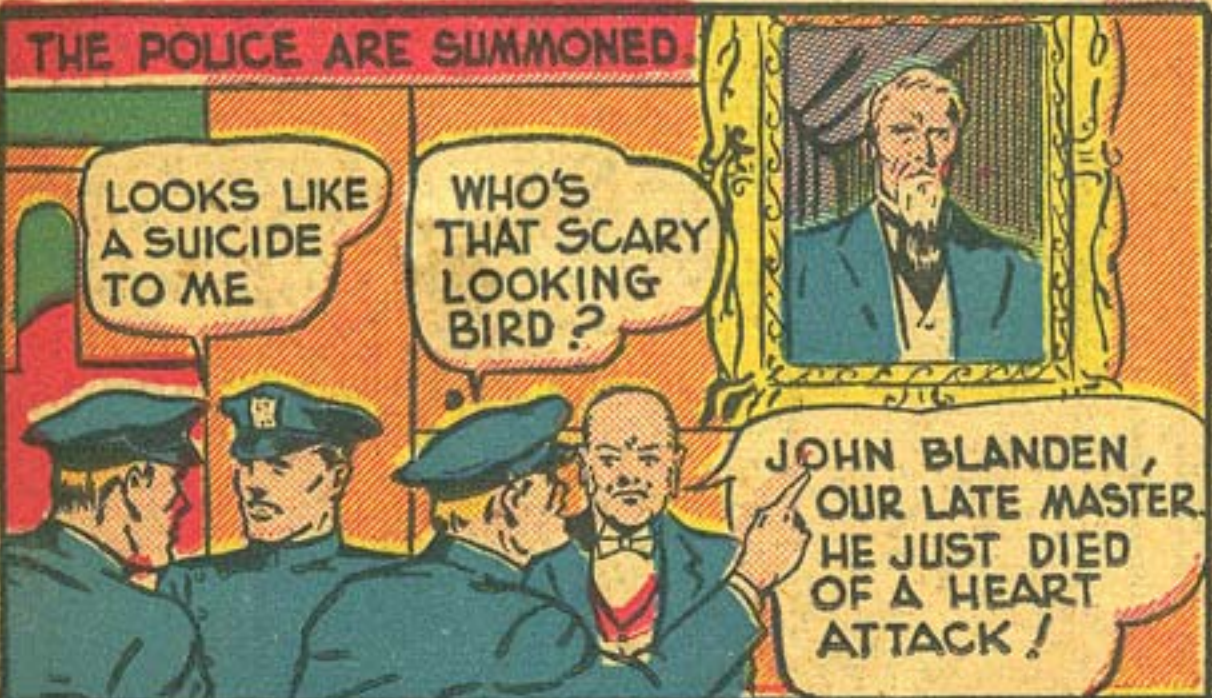


GOOD HEAVENS! HE FELL OFF THE ROOF!



WHY IT'S WILLIAM BLANDEN, OUR LATE MASTER'S BROTHER!

I... I'M DYING, JARIS! THE GHOST OF BLANDEN CASTLE ... PUSHED ME OFF! UGH...!



THE POLICE ARE SUMMONED.

LOOKS LIKE A SUICIDE TO ME

WHO'S THAT SCARY LOOKING BIRD?



JOHN BLANDEN, OUR LATE MASTER. HE JUST DIED OF A HEART ATTACK!



IT WAS HE WHO BROUGHT THIS CASTLE OF HIS SCOTTISH ANCESTOR'S HERE! HIS WILL IS TO BE READ THIS VERY NIGHT!

JOHN BLANDEN THE MILLIONAIRE - SOME RELATIVES ARE GOING TO FALL IN SOFT!

WELL, WE'RE NOT NEEDED HERE. WILLIAM BLANDEN IS AN OPEN AND SHUT SUICIDE. 'GHOSTS!' HAW, HAW!

SCOFF IF YOU WILL, BUT THERE IS A GHOST. HE'S HERE IN BLANDEN CASTLE!

AT THAT MOMENT, IN BARBARA SUTTON'S APARTMENT

HELLO, KIP! SORRY! I HAVE TO RUN. I HAVE AN IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT!

EVERY-TIME I'M VISITING YOU, YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT!

MAYBE I CAN PICK YOU UP LATER? WHERE ARE YOU GOING!

TO BLANDEN CASTLE WHERE THEY ARE READING THE WILL OF MY DECEASED RELATIVE!

BLANDEN CASTLE! HEARD ABOUT THE GHOST, TOO? I SUPPOSE I'VE HEARD OF THAT PLACE! YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT PICKING ME UP! GOODBYE!

LOOKS LIKE THE REST OF THE RELATIVES HAVE ALREADY ARRIVED! UGH! WHAT A GLOOMY PLACE!

HELLO, EVERYBODY!

WELL, WELL! IF IT ISN'T MY COUSIN BARBARA!

NOW THAT SHE'S HERE, WE CAN GET ON WITH THE WILL!

REMEMBER ME? I'M JOE STRONG!

OH YES INDEED! THE ATHLETE OF THE FAMILY, AREN'T YOU?

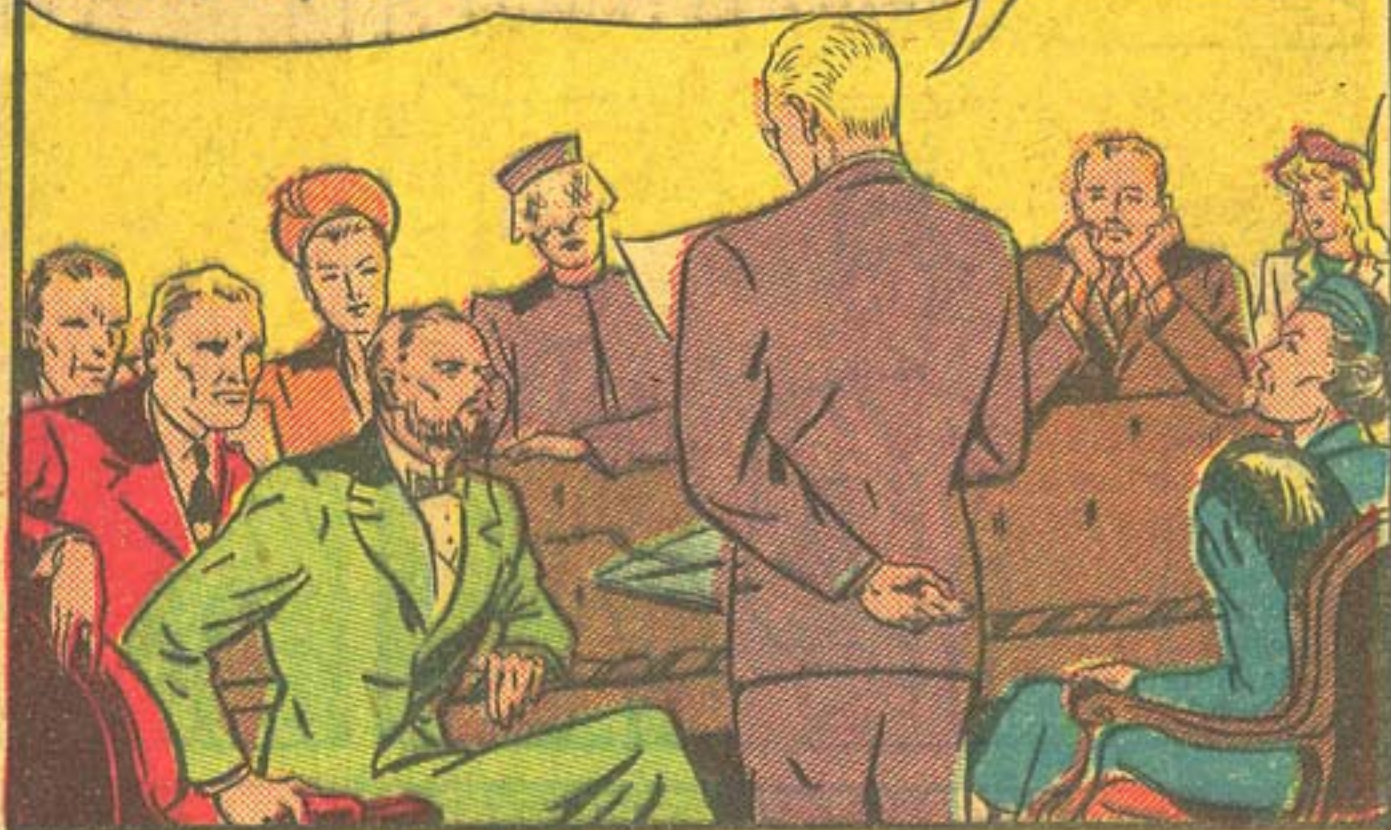
INTERCOLLEGIATE BOXING CHAMP, ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL PLAYER AND ALL AROUND BEST ATHLETE EVER GRADUATED FROM HOGWASH UNIVERSITY!

YOU'RE TOO MODEST, JOE... BUT I THINK THE LAWYER IS CALLING US!

AND NOW, IF YOU'LL ALL GATHER ROUND, I'LL READ THE WILL OF MR. JOHN BLANDEN! IT IS AN UNUSUAL ONE AND WILL TAKE MUCH TIME!



IT CONTAINS THE HISTORY OF THE GHOST OF BLANDEN CASTLE. I AM REQUIRED TO READ IT BEFORE THE EXECUTION OF THE ESTATE, ITSELF... WE GO BACK TO THE GHOST'S FIRST VICTIM, SIR OLIVER BLANDEN, 300 YEARS AGO...

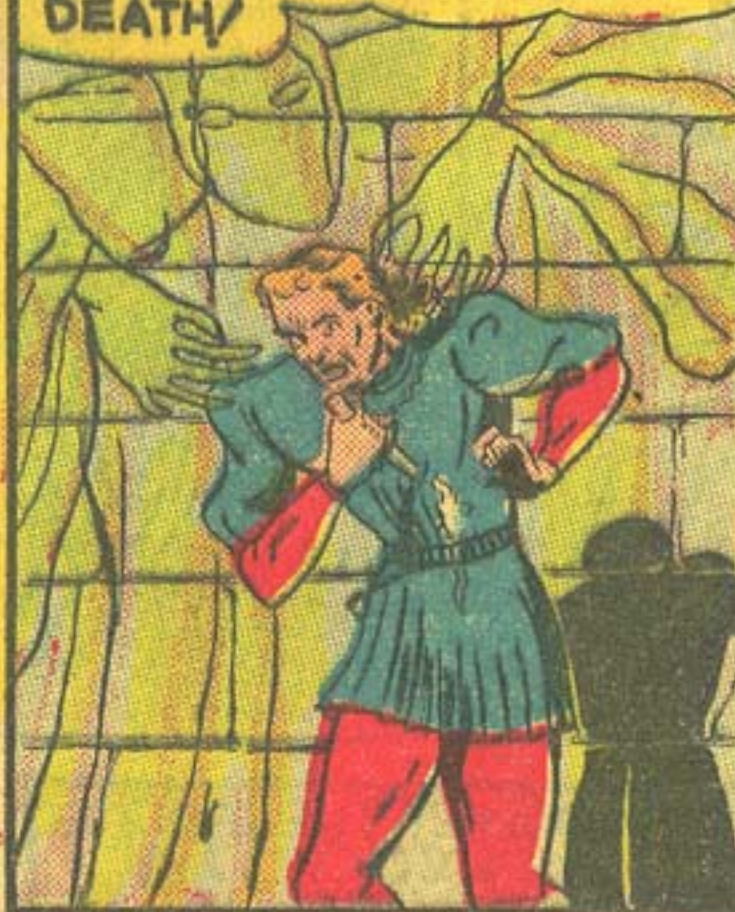


"ONE NIGHT HE RAN, SCREAMING, THROUGH THE CASTLE..."

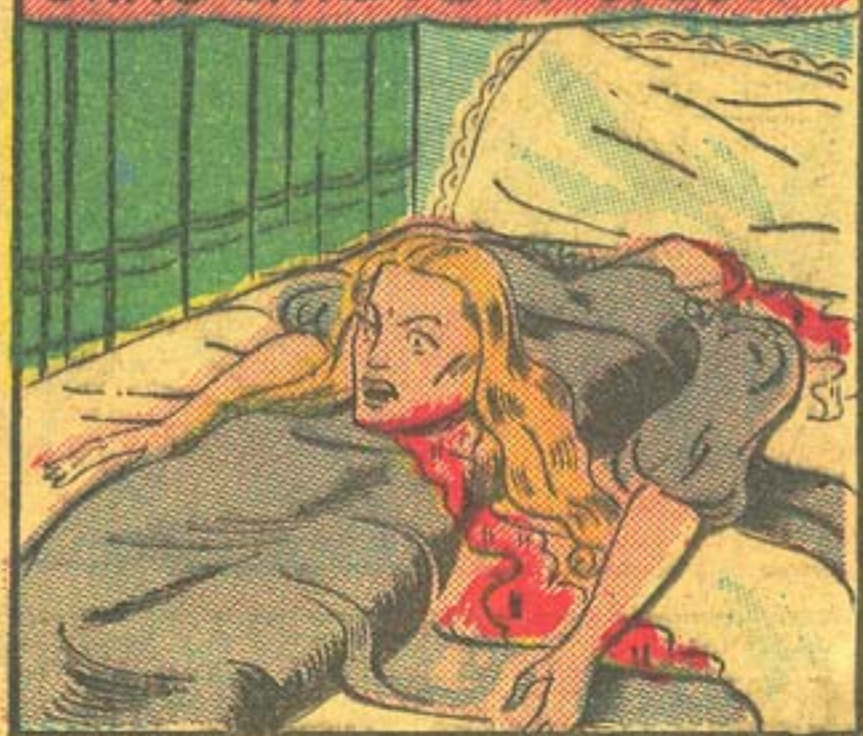
THE GHOST!  
HELP! IT'S  
COMING  
AT ME



"...LEGEND HAS IT THAT THE GHOST DROVE SIR OLIVER TO STAB HIMSELF TO DEATH!"



"THE GHOST CLAIMED ANOTHER VICTIM 100 YEARS LATER WHEN THE SERVANTS CAME INTO LADY MARGARET'S BEDROOM TO A GRUESOME SIGHT—HER DECAPITATED HEAD LYING ON HER OWN CHEST!"



WAIT A MINUTE!  
DON'T ANYBODY  
MOVE!

GOOD HEAVENS, JOE,  
WHAT IS IT?



JOE SUDDENLY THROWS A  
FLYING TACKLE AT THE  
DRAPES!



WHY... WHY,  
IT'S KIP  
BURLAND!

HELLO, BARBARA!  
THAT'S RATHER A  
ROUGH WELCOME I JUST  
GOT!





I... ER... TRAILED ALONG TO PROTECT YOU FROM THAT... UH... GHOST!

SPIED ON ME, IS WHAT YOU MEAN!

YOU - PROTECT HER! HA, HA! THAT IS A LAUGH!



GENTLEMEN! LADIES! AND NOW IF THIS INTERRUPTION IS OVER, I WILL RESUME THE WILL'S NARRATIVE! EXACTLY ANOTHER CENTURY PASSED BEFORE THE GHOST APPEARED AGAIN! THIS TIME TO SIR KINGSLEY!

HE WAS WARMING HIMSELF BEFORE HIS FIREPLACE AT THE TIME. HE FELT CLAMMY HANDS ON HIS THROAT! HORROR STRICKEN HE BROKE FROM ITS GRASP!



YOU.. YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

THEN HE LEAPED INTO THE FLAMES AND TO HIS OWN DESTRUCTION!



AND SO THE GHOST OF BLANDEN CASTLE WILL RETURN EVERY HUNDRED YEARS. THIS IS THE EXACT YEAR OF ITS ARRIVAL. I, JOHN BLANDEN, WILL GO FIRST, THEN MY BROTHER WILLIAM! ALL THE HEIRS OF BLANDEN CASTLE ARE DOOMED!



SUDDENLY, THE ELECTRIC LIGHTS GO OUT, AND THE DARKNESS IS LIT ONLY BY A SPATTERING TORCH!



HELP! LOOK!

A TORCH! HOW'D THAT THING LIGHT UP?

A FIGURE SEEMINGLY BORN OF THE DARKNESS, LEAPS UPWARD!



OH!

WHO... WHO....!



IT'S THE *BLACK HOOD*! HE MUST BE BEHIND THIS THING. HE DON'T SCARE JOE STRONG! I'M GOIN' AFTER HIM!



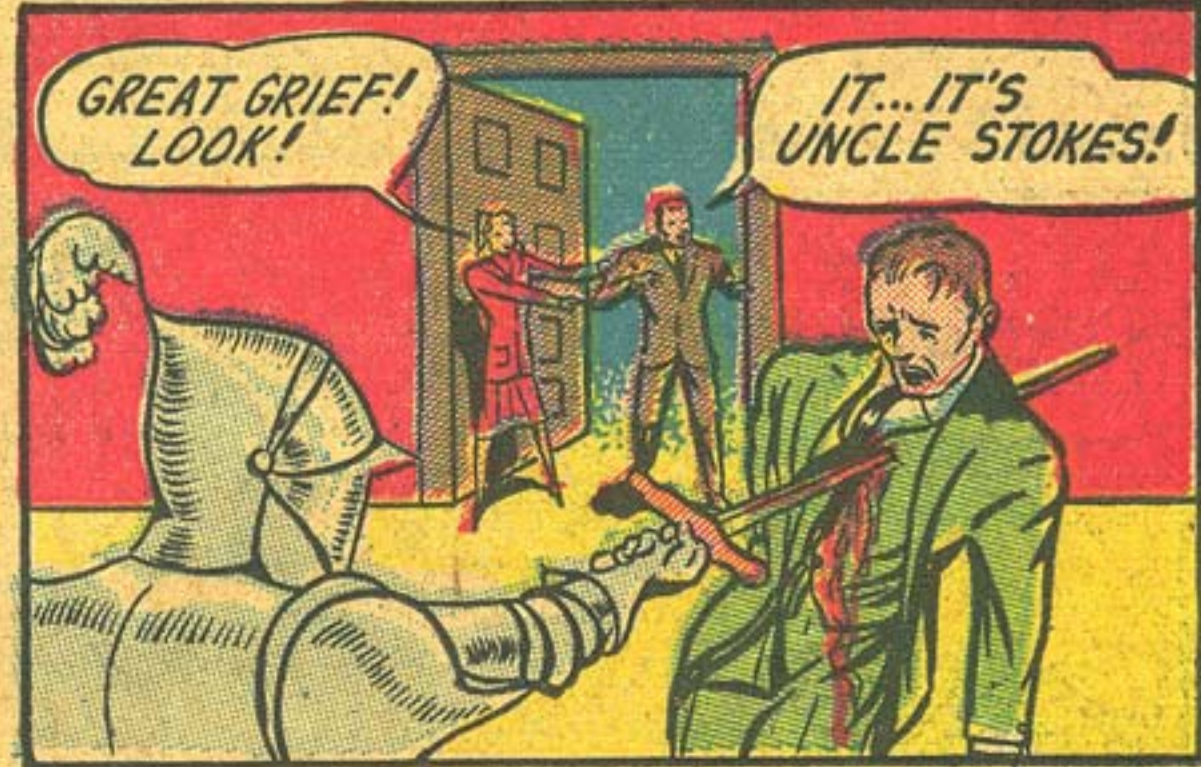
GO AROUND SCARIN' PEOPLE, HUH? I'LL FIX YOU!

YOU FOOL! YOU'RE KEEPING ME FROM CATCHING THE REAL GHOST!



YOU DIDN'T SEEM TO SCARE THE *BLACK HOOD* VERY MUCH, EITHER!

IT AIN'T FAIR! HE USED A HAMMER ON ME.



GREAT GRIEF! LOOK!

IT... IT'S UNCLE STOKES!



NOBODY IN HERE! HOW COULD THIS EMPTY ARMOR HAVE KILLED STOKES?

CAN THERE REALLY BE SOMETHING IN THIS GHOST BUSINESS, AFTER ALL!

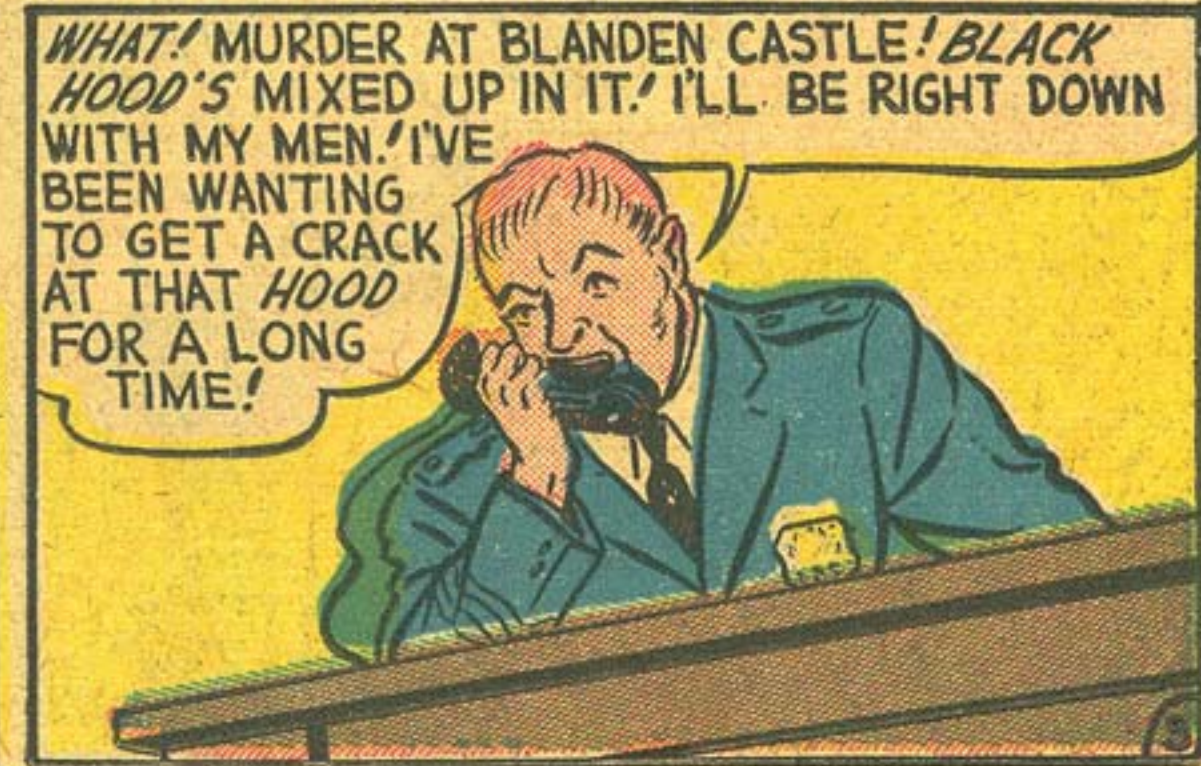


NO! IT'S ALL THAT HOOD'S DOING. HEY! HERE COMES BURLAND! WHERE'S HE BEEN HIDIN'? HE KNOWS SOMETHIN' ABOUT THIS MURDER! GRAB HIM!



I DIDN'T TRUST THIS GUY FROM THE BEGINNING! I'M CALLIN' THE POLICE!

YOU'RE EVEN MORE STUPID THAN YOU LOOK!



WHAT! MURDER AT BLANDEN CASTLE! *BLACK HOOD*'S MIXED UP IN IT! I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN WITH MY MEN! I'VE BEEN WANTING TO GET A CRACK AT THAT HOOD FOR A LONG TIME!



OKAY NOW! COME CLEAN OR I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT! YOU CAME OUT OF THE SAME ROOM THE BLACK HOOD WAS IN! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HIM?

I KNOW THAT IT'S A GOOD THING FOR YOU HE NEVER WENT TO HOGWASH UNIVERSITY, OR YOU NEVER WOULD'VE BEEN BOXING CHAMP! WHAT A SHINER! HA, HA!

THE POLICE SOON ARRIVE

ALL RIGHT.. WHERE'S THE CORPSE? HEY, THAT'S BURLAND! HE MIXED UP IN THIS THING TOO?

HE KNOWS PLENTY, BUT HE WON'T TALK!

JOE! KIP IS INNOCENT! YOU'RE NOT BEING FAIR!

THANKS BARBARA!

EVERY TIME THE BLACK HOOD PULLS SOME SHINANIGANS, YOU'RE AROUND. THIS TIME I'M SWEATIN' IT OUTTA YOU, OR ME NAME AIN'T MC GINTY! WHO'S THE HOOD?

WHY DON'T YOU ASK JOE? HE HAD A RECENT MEETING WITH HIM AND THEY HIT IT OFF QUITE WELL!

CUT OUT THE WISECRACKS!

ONCE AGAIN BLANDEN CASTLE IS ENVELOPED IN THICK BLACKNESS.

HEY! WHAT HAPPENED?

THE LIGHTS AGAIN!

THE GHOST STRIKES AGAIN.

MOTHER MACHREE! IT'S A BANSHEE!

TAKE IT EASY, EVERYBODY! I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME!

BUT THE IMPETUOUS JOE'S FLYING TACKLE FINDS A BLANK WALL AS IT'S TARGET.

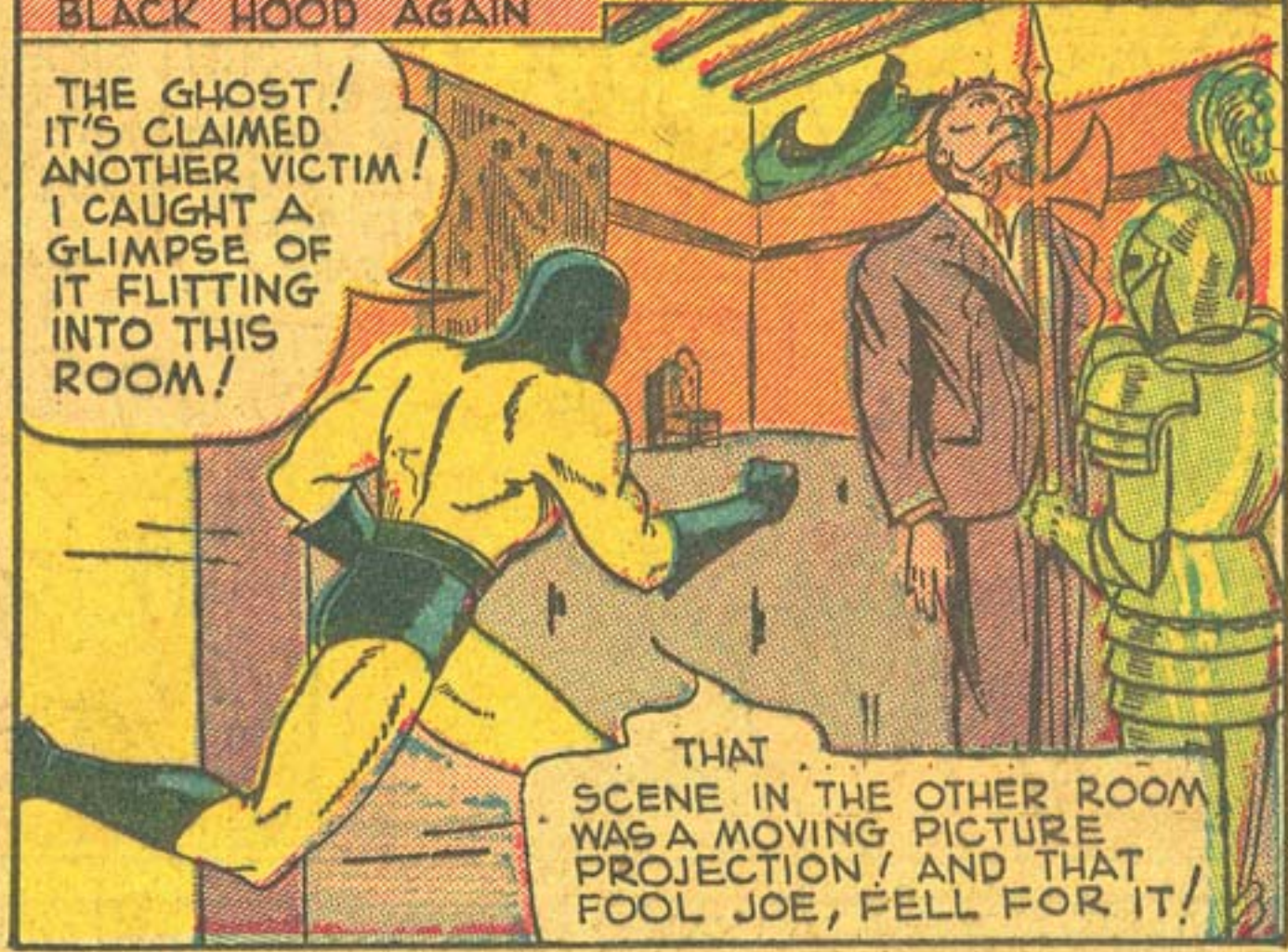
WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN!

THAT SPALPEEN BURLAND! HE'S GOT AWAY!

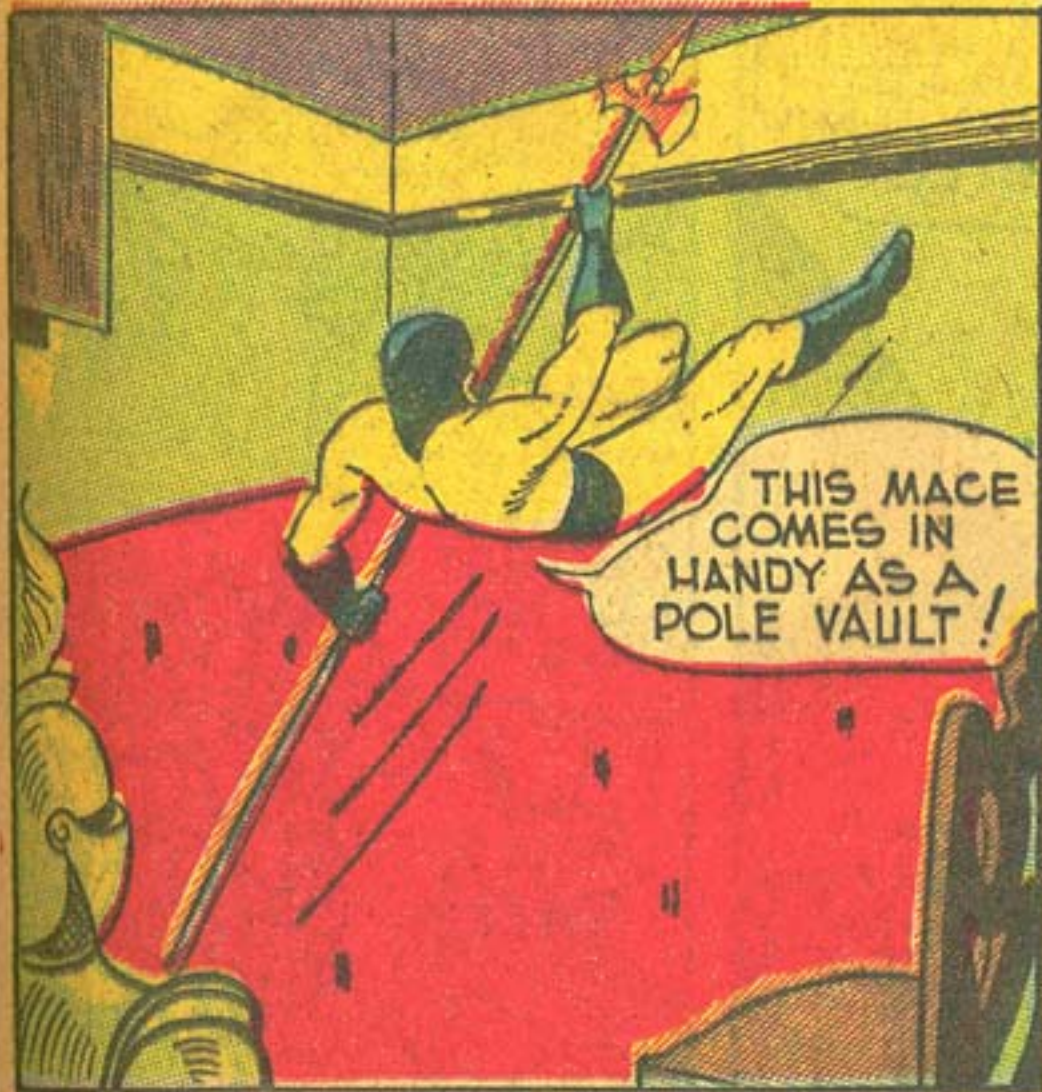


IN THE DARKNESS KIP BURLAND BECOMES THE BLACK HOOD AGAIN

THE GHOST! IT'S CLAIMED ANOTHER VICTIM! I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF IT FLITTING INTO THIS ROOM!



THAT SCENE IN THE OTHER ROOM WAS A MOVING PICTURE PROJECTION! AND THAT FOOL JOE, FELL FOR IT!



THIS MACE COMES IN HANDY AS A POLE VAULT!

OH, OH! THERE IT GOES! THROUGH A SECRET PANEL! YOU'RE NOT SHAKING ME THIS TIME, MR. GHOST!



THIS WALL'S TOO THICK FOR ME TO BREAK THROUGH - I'LL HAVE TO LOCATE THE BUTTON THAT OPERATES IT!



I WASTED A LOT OF TIME FINDING THAT BUTTON. I'VE GOT TO HURRY!

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A COP PROTECTIN' US, AND WE'RE ALL GETTIN' KNOCKED OFF UNDER YOUR NOSE!

SHUT UP, YOU! YOU DIDN'T DO SO HOT YERSELF TRYIN' TO CATCH THE BLACK HOOD!

THE WILL WAS RIGHT! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED OH, I WANT TO GO HOME!

THERE'S A GHOST HERE, AFTER ALL!

STEADY, EVERYBODY! THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE KILLINGS THE BLACK HOOD, 'R THE GHOST, 'R ANYBODY ELSE WON'T DARE TO PULL ANYMORE FUNNY STUFF WITH MC GINTY ON THE JOB!



AT THAT MOMENT A NOOSE DESCENDS FROM THE RAFTERS, AND...



WHAT IN!  
AARRGH!  
HELP!  
GOOD LORD!

HA, HA! ONE RELATIVE LESS! PERHAPS NOW THEY BELIEVE IN THE GHOST OF BLANDEN CASTLE!

THERE IT IS! UP IN THE RAFTERS! LET HIM HAVE IT!  
HOW CAN WE KILL A GHOST?

AN EERIE VOICE FLOATS DOWN FROM THE RAFTERS AS THE CORPSE FALLS

YOU ARE ALL DOOMED TO DIE

LET ME OUT OF HERE!  
EEEE! I'M GOING MAD!



CURSE IT, THE BLACK HOOD MANAGED TO FOLLOW ME!

THE GHOST CAME THROUGH HERE. IT MUST BE SOMEWHERE AROUND!



THE GHOST SWOOPS DOWN ON BARBARA!

YOU COME WITH ME!

HELP!

GREAT LORD!



SHE'S FAINTED! GOOD! SHE'LL BE LESS TROUBLE!



BUT THE BLACK HOOD IS STILL IN HOT PURSUIT!

THE GHOST! IT'S GOT BARBARA!



YOU CAN'T STOP ME! I MUST SAVE BARBARA!

THERE'S THE BLACK HOOD! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!

STOP! OR WE'LL SHOOT!



DON'T HAND ME THAT! YOU'RE MIXED UP WITH ALL THESE MURDERS! MAYBE YOU'RE THE GHOST FOR ALL WE KNOW!

THAT'S RIGHT! YOUR GAME'S UP, HOOD!



ULP! HALP!

SORRY, I HAVEN'T TIME TO CONVINCE YOU NOW!



I HOPE I HAVEN'T BEEN DELAYED TOO LONG!

BLAST HIM!  
HE'S GETTIN'  
AWAY!



THIS STAIRCASE  
LEADS TO THE  
ROOF!



WHILE ON THE ROOF!

OVER YOU GO,  
MY PRETTY!

NO! PLEASE!  
HELP!

BARBARA RESISTS DESPERATELY, BUT SHE IS PUSHED FURTHER AND FURTHER TOWARD THE EDGE!



HEH, HEH! YOU  
DON'T WISH TO  
DIE, EH!

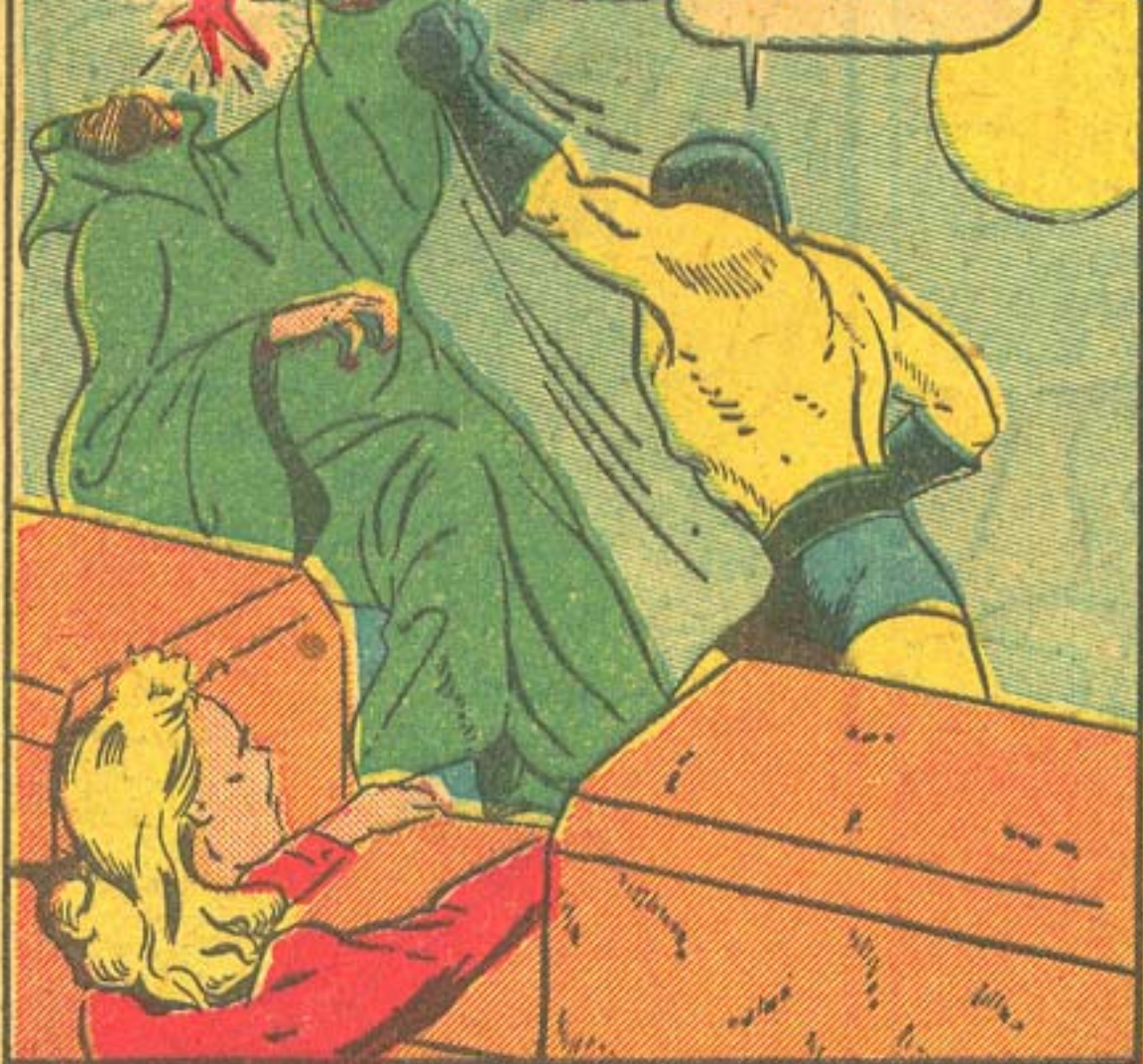
BUT YOU SHALL! OVER YOU GO!



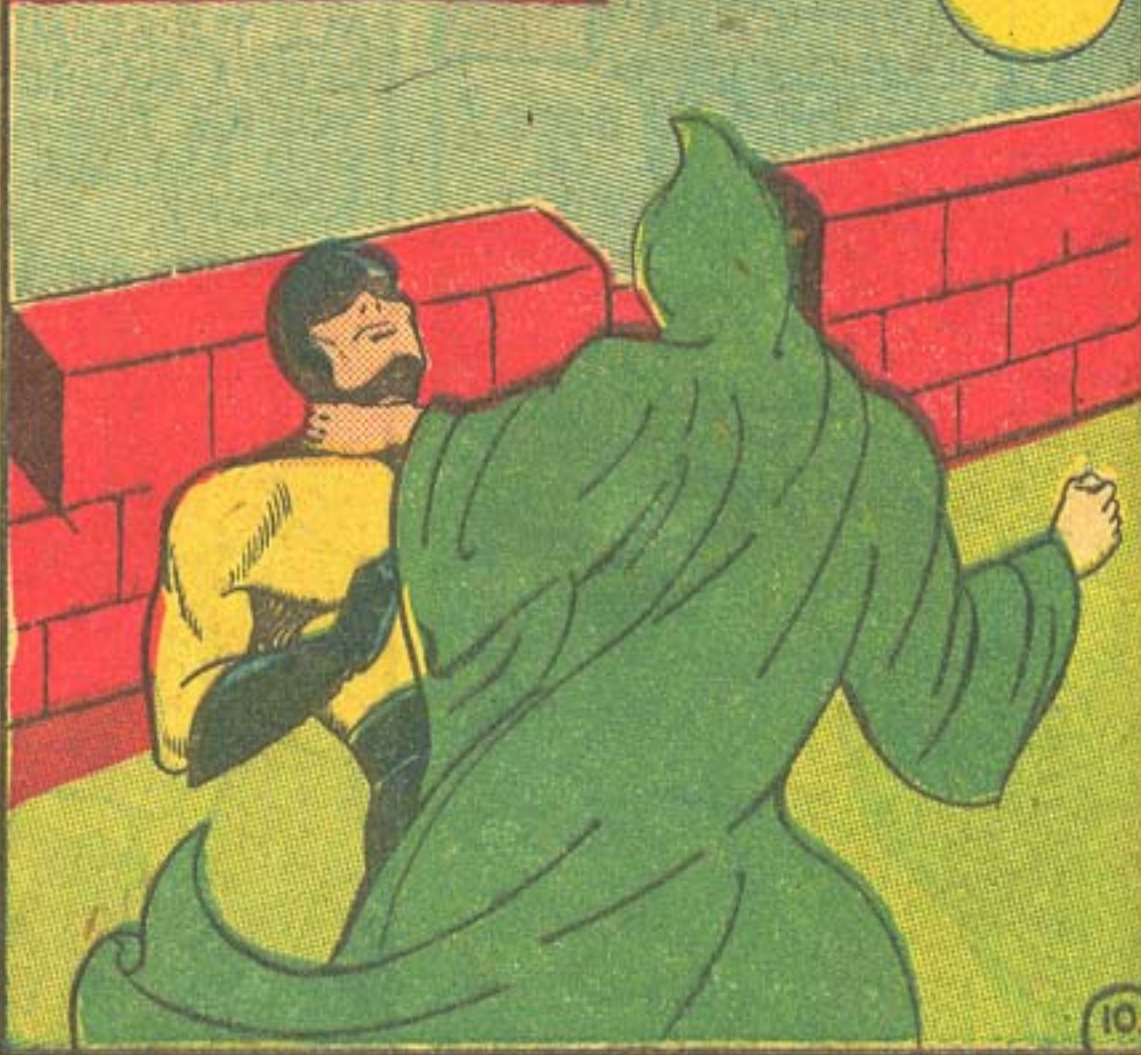
GREAT HEAVENS!  
SHE'S ALMOST  
OFF!

EEEE!

LET GO OF HER, YOU WALKING BEDSHEET! ....HANG ON BARBARA!



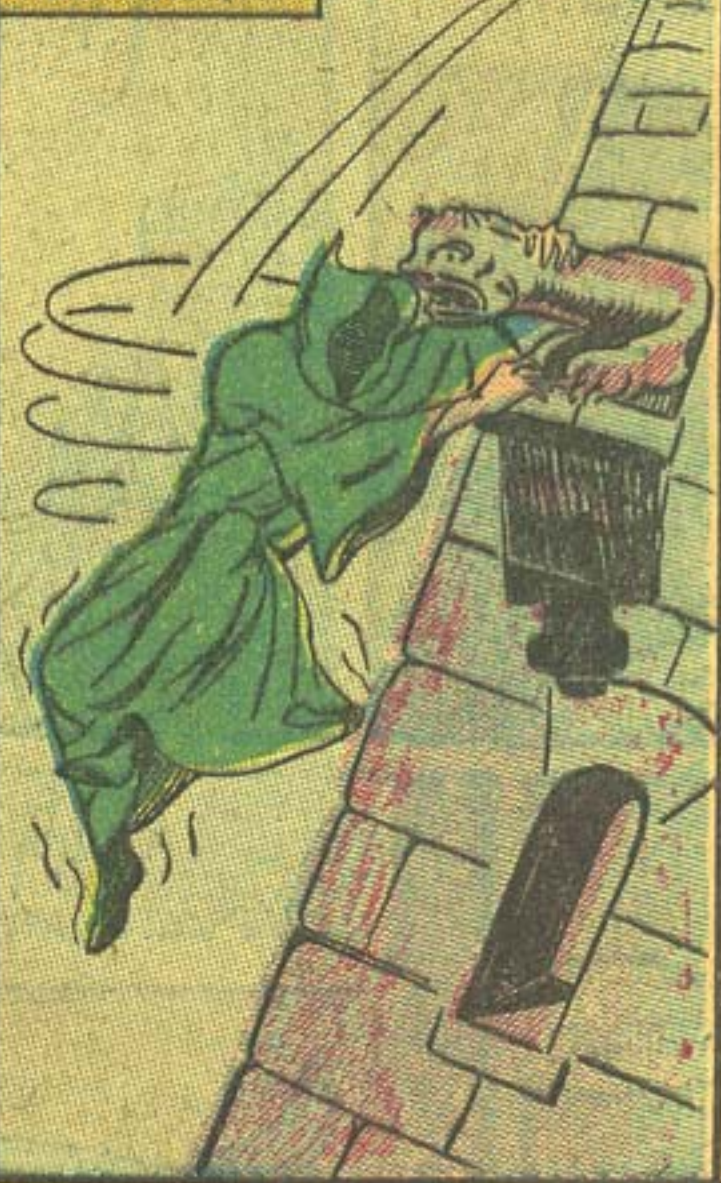
BACK AND FORTH IN DEADLY COMBAT THE TWO STRUGGLE - A BLACK KNIGHT OF JUSTICE AND A SHROUDED FIGURE OF DOOM!



MAYBE THIS'LL CONVINCE YOU I'M NOT FOOLING!



BUT THE GHOST MANAGES TO CATCH HOLD OF A GARGOYLE AND CHECK HIS DOWNWARD PLUNGE!



LOOK! THE GHOST IS ESCAPING!

NOT FOR LONG, THOUGH!



I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE HE'S GOING, AND I'M GOING AFTER HIM! HE'S COMMITTED HIS LAST GHASTLY MURDER!

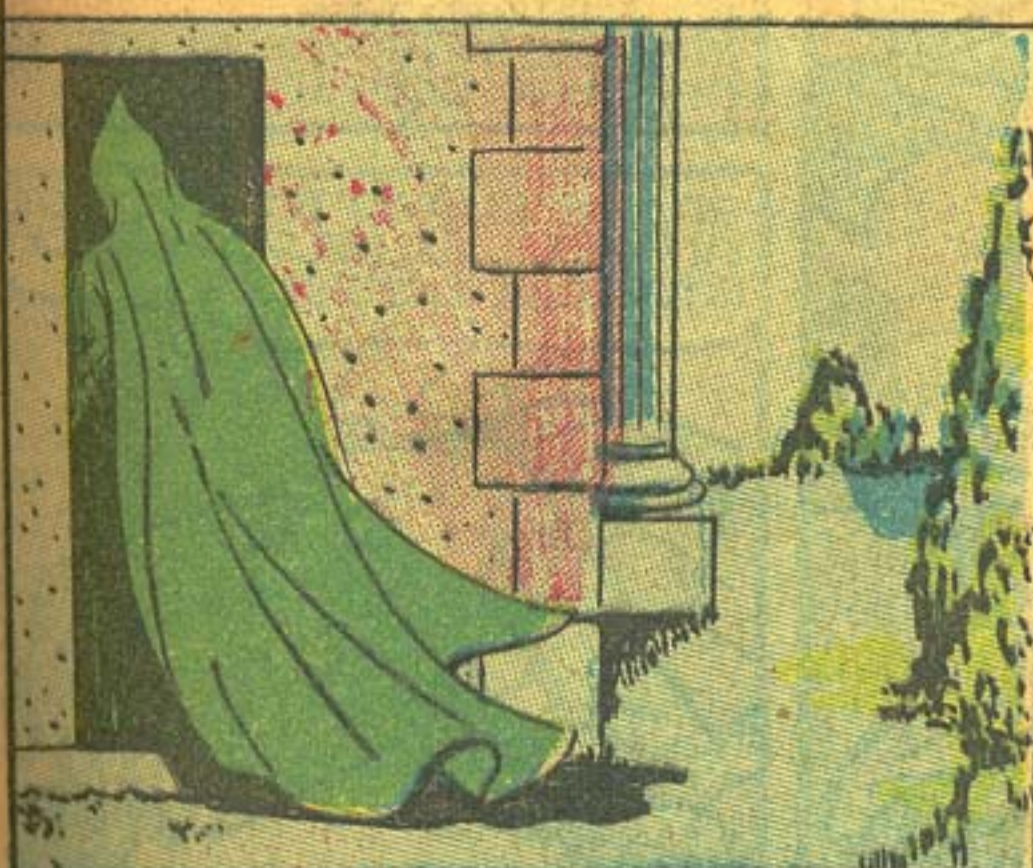
OH HOOD! I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT ALL... BUT... BUT PLEASE BE CAREFUL



THE WEIRD, WHITE-ROBED FIGURE MAKES FOR A NEARBY CRYPT



AND ENTERS IT THROUGH A SECRET DOOR



AN EERIE SCENE IS ENACTED. THE GHOST GOES TO A COFFIN, AND....





YOU...!

SURPRISED, EH! DIDN'T THINK ANYBODY WOULD DISCOVER YOUR LITTLE SET-UP?



I CAME ACROSS YOUR INGENUOUS LITTLE COFFIN WHILE CHASING YOU THROUGH THE CORRIDORS. ONE OF THEM LED ME TO THE FALSE BOTTOM YOU HAD RIGGED UP FOR IT! YOUR GAME'S UP!



NOT YET, CURSE YOU! ONLY YOU KNOW, AND DEATH SHALL SEAL YOUR LIPS!

ARRGH!



AFTER I'VE FINISHED YOU, I SHALL RETURN THROUGH MY COFFIN TO THE REST OF THE HEIRS, AND COMPLETE MY PLAN!



HA! HIS MUSCLES RELAX! HE IS DONE! DIE! DIE!



FOOLED YOU, DIDN'T I.?



THE GHOST IS HURLED INTO THE OPEN COFFIN



SO YOU WANTED TO PLAY GHOST, EH! WELL, I'LL HELP YOU! BACK INTO YOUR COFFIN!

SLAM



NOW, I'LL JUST COOP HIM IN THERE WITH THIS TOMB-STONE



I'VE MOVED THE COFFIN AWAY FROM THE TRAP-DOOR IN THE FLOOR, SO THAT MR. GHOST WON'T BE ABLE TO SWING OPEN THAT FALSE BOTTOM. HE'LL BE SAFE IN THERE FOR AWHILE!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CASTLE

BARBARA! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN! WE GAVE YOU UP FOR DEAD!

I WOULD HAVE BEEN IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE BLACK HOOD - THE ONE YOU'VE BEEN ACCUSING ALL ALONG, YOU... YOU... LOUDMOUTH!



THAT BURLAND FELLOW AGAIN! ALWAYS MISSING AFTER A MURDER! OFFICER, I INSIST YOU ARREST HIM!

YOU BET I WILL!

KIP! WHY DON'T YOU DEFEND YOURSELF?



YEAH! START DEFENDING! 'CAUSE UNLESS YOU DO SOME FAST TALKIN', I'VE GOT A LITTLE PERSUADER HERE, THAT'LL LOOSEN YOU UP!

GOSH! YOU FRIGHTEN ME!

KIP! DON'T BE SO COWARDLY! SURELY YOU CAN EXPLAIN!



WELL...ER... I WAS A TRIFLE SCARED, I ADMIT! I WAS HIDING IN THE CRYPT AND THE BLACK HOOD WAS THERE. HE TOLD ME HE'D CAUGHT THE GHOST AND CLEARED UP THE WHOLE THING!

PAH! SUCH A RIDICULOUS STORY! ARREST HIM, I SAY!

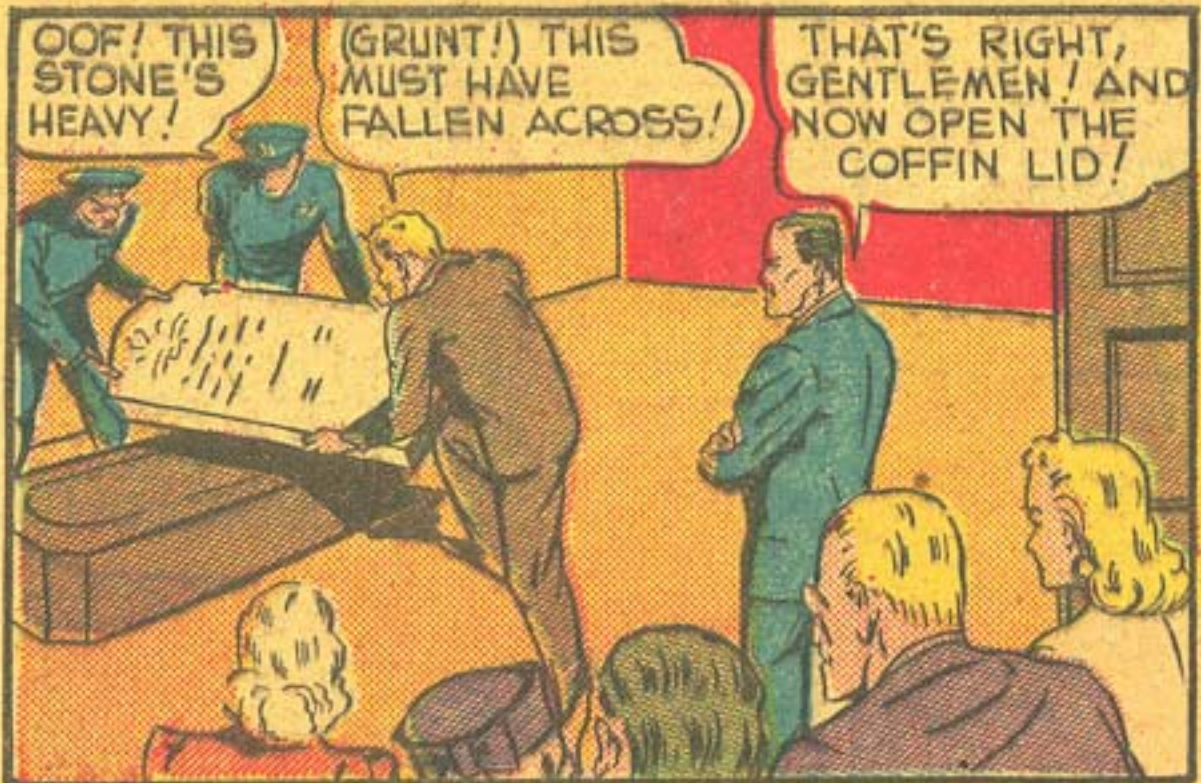
PERHAPS HE CAN PROVE HIS STATEMENT, MR. BARTON!



KIP LEADS THEM ALL BACK TO THE CRYPT

NOW, IF YOU'LL JUST STEP IN HERE I THINK I CAN PRODUCE OUR PLAYFUL GHOST!





OOF! THIS STONE'S HEAVY!

(GRUNT!) THIS MUST HAVE FALLEN ACROSS!

THAT'S RIGHT, GENTLEMEN! AND NOW OPEN THE COFFIN LID!



WELL I'LL BE! HE WASN'T KIDDIN'!

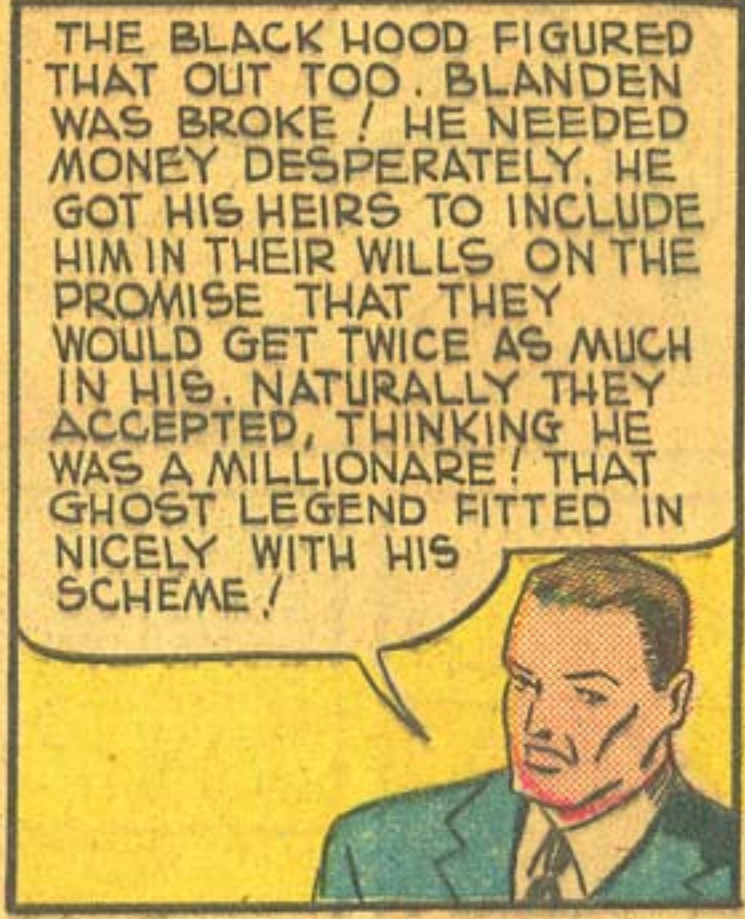
YA MURDERIN' SPALPEEN! I'LL TAKE THIS GET-UP OFF AND SEE WHO YOU ARE!

YOU'RE DUE FOR A GREAT SHOCK!



HOLY MACKERAL! IT CAN'T BE! JOHN BLANDEN! BUT...BUT... YOU'RE DEAD!

WHAT'S THE GAG, BLANDEN! WHY'D YOU PRETEND TO DIE AND THEN TRY TO MURDER YOUR OWN HEIRS?



THE BLACK HOOD FIGURED THAT OUT TOO. BLANDEN WAS BROKE! HE NEEDED MONEY DESPERATELY. HE GOT HIS HEIRS TO INCLUDE HIM IN THEIR WILLS ON THE PROMISE THAT THEY WOULD GET TWICE AS MUCH IN HIS. NATURALLY THEY ACCEPTED, THINKING HE WAS A MILLIONAIRE! THAT GHOST LEGEND FITTED IN NICELY WITH HIS SCHEME!



YES! BUT I'M NOT INVOLVED ALONE. THE WHOLE SCHEME WAS BARTON'S - MY LAWYER. HE DREW UP ALL THE WILLS!

IT'S A LIE! I....



BARTON MAKES A BREAK FOR LIBERTY

WHOA! IF IT'S A LIE, WHY ARE YOU SO ANXIOUS TO GET AWAY?



BARTON WAS TO BE THE EXECUTOR OF MY ESTATE. HE'S PROBABLY CARRYING THE DEED AROUND WITH HIM!

I'LL SEARCH HIM... HERE'S SOMETHING!



THIS IS IT, ALL RIGHT! THIS AND BLANDEN'S CONFESSION WILL BE ENOUGH TO SEND YOU BOTH TO THE CHAIR!



LATER

GOOD THING I FOLLOWED YOU TO THE CASTLE, AFTER ALL, EH BARBARA!

HMMPH! NOW I SUPPOSE YOU'LL TAKE ALL THE CREDIT FOR THE BLACK HOOD'S WORK



EVERY ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH COMICS WILL BRING YOU THE BLACK HOOD, ACTION-PACKED, THRILL-A-MINUTE STORIES!

# The Wizard

WITH  
**ROY THE SUPER-BOY**



THE POLICE ARE BAFFLED BY THE QUEEREST SERIES OF CRIMES THEY HAVE EVER ENCOUNTERED. HOMELESS, IMPOVERISHED REFUGEES ARE MURDERED IMMEDIATELY UPON LEAVING THE BOAT. FOR WHAT PURPOSE? FOR WHAT GAIN? HOW WILL THE WIZARD AND ROY, THE SUPERBOY, UNRAVEL THIS ENIGMA?



IN BLANE WHITNEY'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE

AH, HERE COMES JANE! SHE LOOKS EXCITED, ROY!

BLANE! I'VE FOUND SOMETHING ON THOSE REFUGEE KILLINGS!

I JUST CAME FROM THE BOAT PIER. THE CUSTOMS OFFICIALS WOULDN'T TELL ME MUCH AT FIRST BECAUSE I'M A REPORTER. BUT THEN THE INFORMATION SLIPPED OUT!

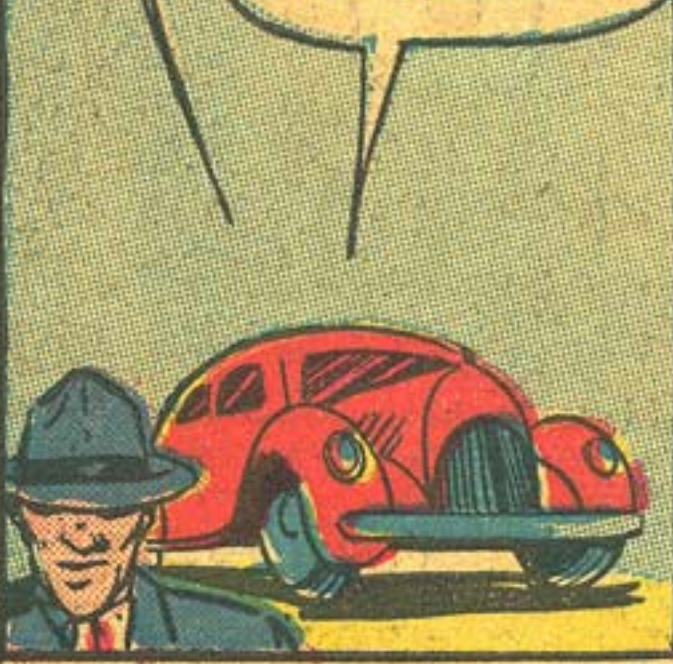
THE WHOLE AFFAIR DOESN'T MAKE SENSE TO ME! ALL THOSE POOR REFUGEE VICTIMS HAD SOME TEETH EXTRACTED— AFTER DEATH!



LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A STORY, JANE. WELL, ROY AND I'LL RUN ALONG SO AS NOT TO BOTHER YOU.

GOT SOMETHIN' UP YOUR SLEEVE, HUH, BLANE!

CAN'T FOOL YOU, CAN I ROY... WE'RE GOING DOWN TO THE PIER AND DO A LITTLE SLEUTHING OURSELVES!

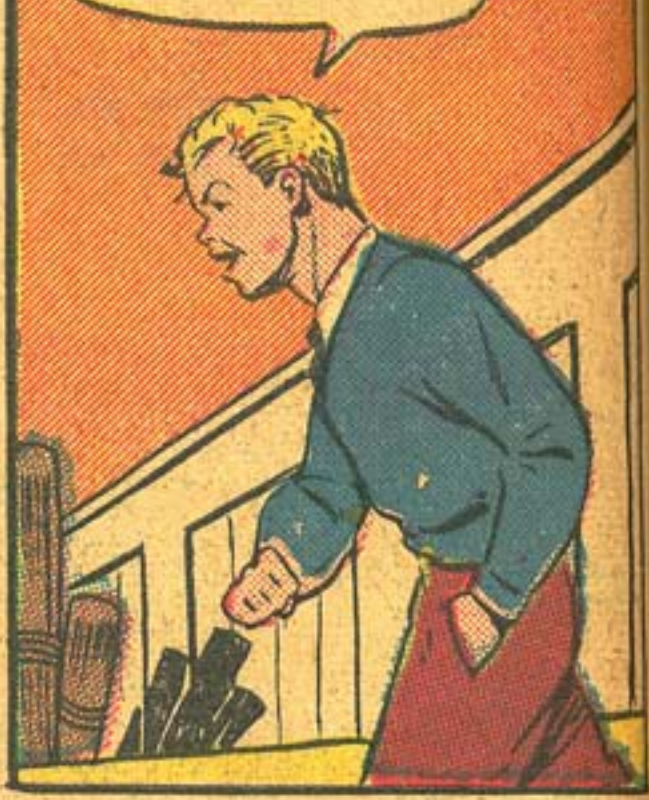


THEY SOON ARRIVE AT THE PIER

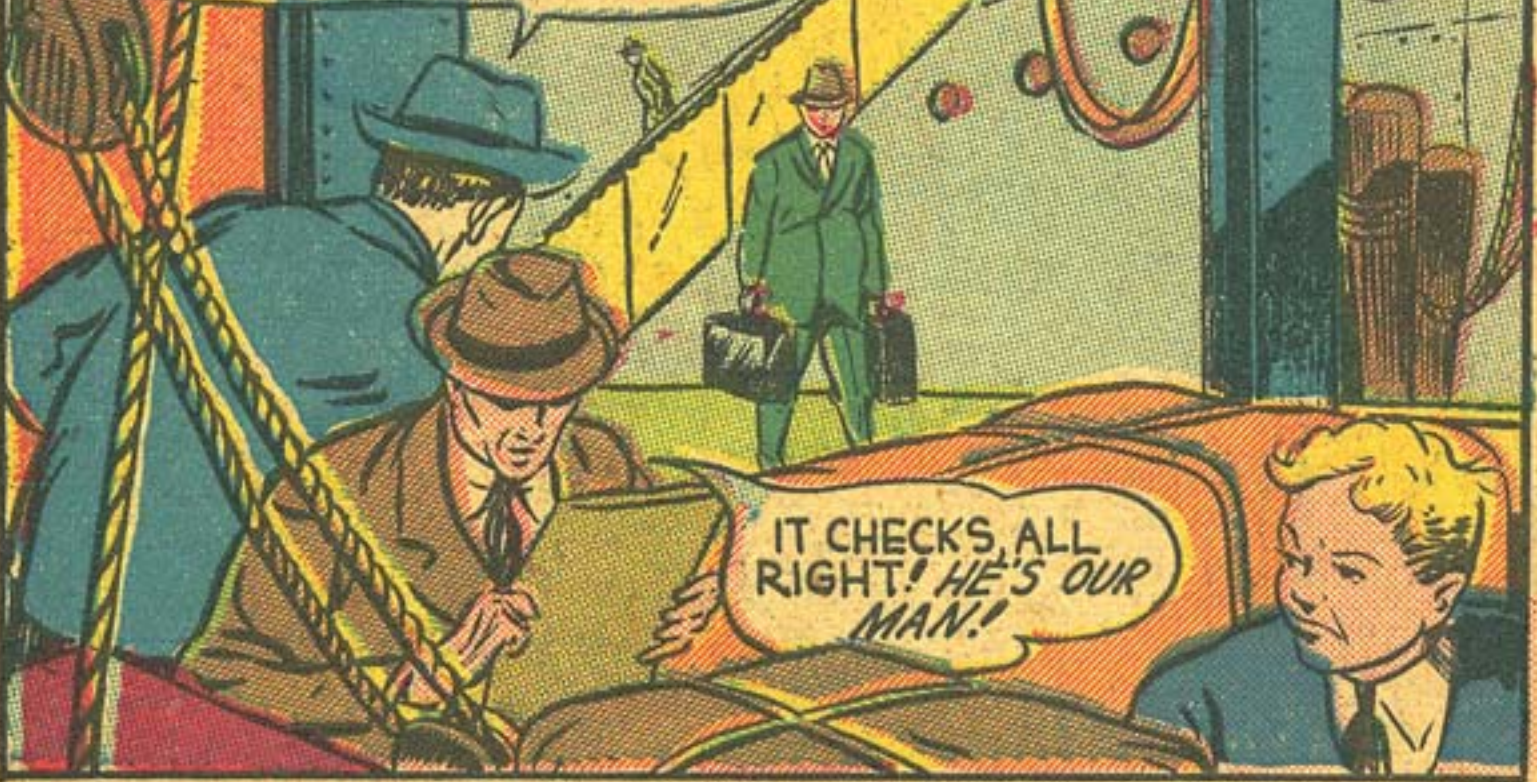


GOSH! I ALWAYS GET A KICK BEING AROUND SHIPS!

I'M GONNA LOOK AROUND WHILE BLANE IS BUSY TALKING WITH THE INSPECTOR!



LOOK, IKE! THERE COMES ONE! SMALL FAT GUY, BLUE SUIT AND TWO BLACK BAGS!



IT CHECKS, ALL RIGHT! HE'S OUR MAN!

SAY! SOMETHIN' FUNNY'S GOIN' ON! THOSE GUYS LOOK LIKE RACKETEERS AND THEY'RE DOWN HERE IDENTIFYING A REFUGEE. PROBABLY MY IMAGINATION, BUT I'LL DO SOME SNOOPIN' ANYWAY!

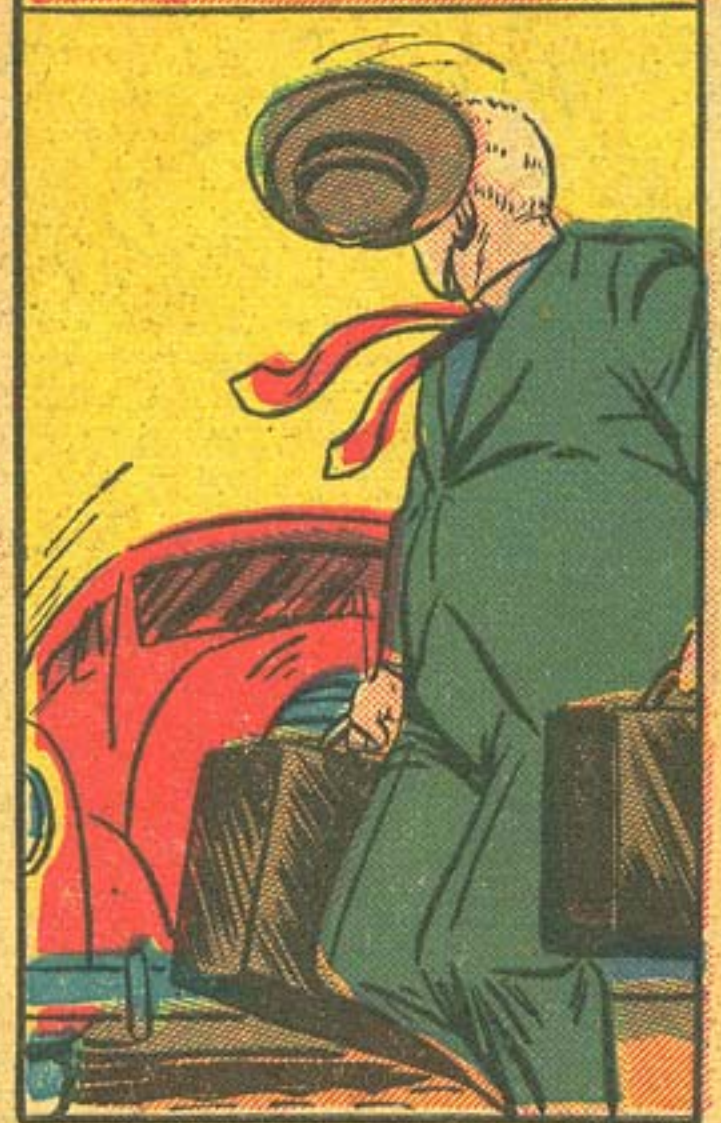


ROY TRACES HIS SUSPECTS TO A WAITING CAR.

OKAY, JOE! THE REFUGEE'S GONNA CROSS THE STREET! NOW'S OUR CHANCE!



GEARS GRIND—THE CAR FAIRLY LEAPS TOWARD THE UNSUSPECTING REFUGEE



BUT A SLIM FIGURE SWOOPS UPON THE REFUGEE AND TEARS HIM FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH ITSELF





WHY, YOU DIRTY LITTLE MEDDLER, NOW YOU BOTH GET IT!



BLANE WHITNEY THE WIZARD - HAS A PHOTOGRAPHIC VISION OF ROY'S PREDICAMENT!

WHAT IN... ROY'S IN TROUBLE! I'VE GOT TO GET TO HIM!



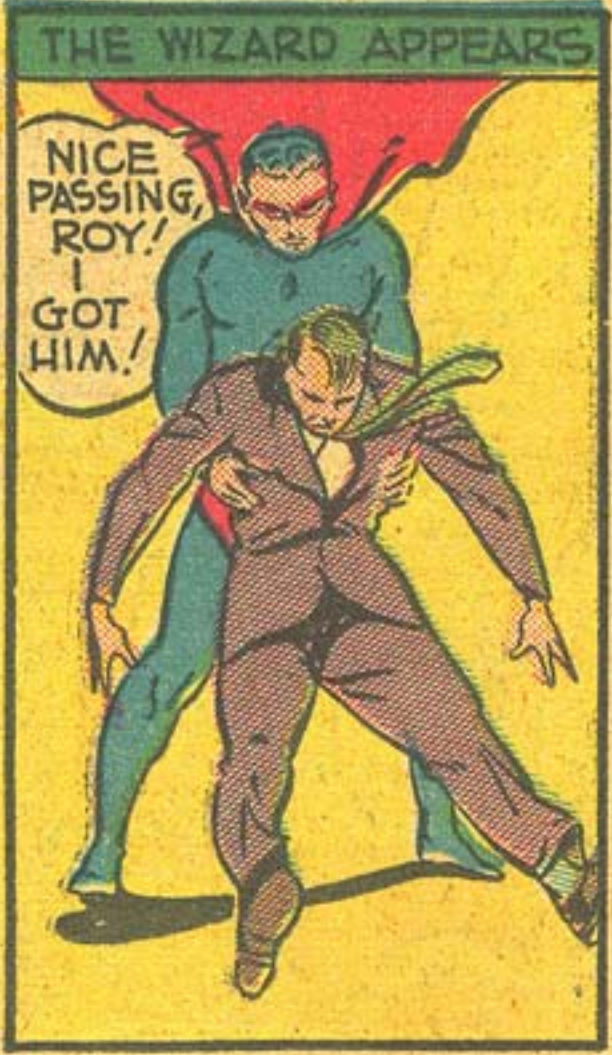
HEY, WHAT?

THOUGHT YOU HAD ME, HUH?



OOF!

HOW'S THIS FOR USIN' MY HEAD?



THE WIZARD APPEARS

NICE PASSING, ROY! I GOT HIM!



NOW WE'LL FINISH THIS JOB IN A HURRY!



BUT ONE OF THE THUGS MANAGES TO DRAW A BEAD WITH HIS TOMMY-GUN!

I'LL BLAST THEIR HEADS OFF, THE DIRTY XX... 6!!



Ooo!

UGH!

HA, HA! GOT THE REFUGEE AND THE BRAT, ANYWAY!

ROY! HE'S SHOT!



NOW'S MY CHANCE TO LAM WITH THIS REFUGEE WHILE THAT WIZARD IS WORRIED ABOUT HIS BRAT!

ROY!  
ROY!  
TALK TO ME!



THE POLICE ARE COMING! I'VE NO TIME TO EXPLAIN! I'LL HAVE TO RUSH ROY TO MY LABORATORY IMMEDIATELY!

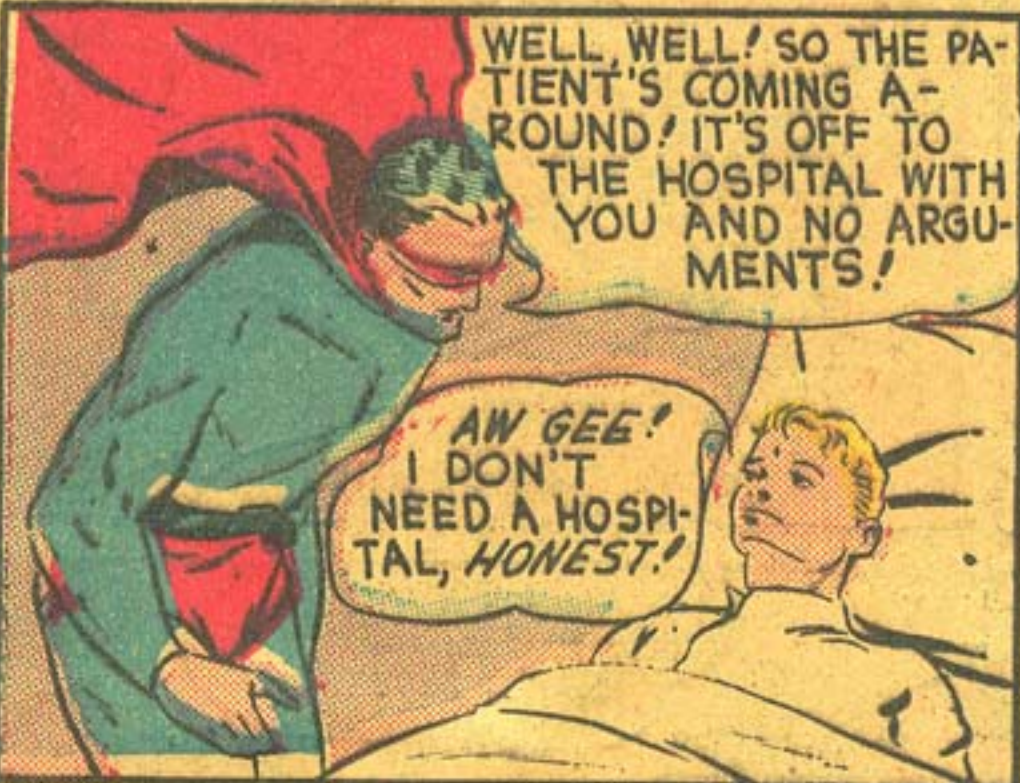


STOP!



THE WIZARD SOON ARRIVES AT HIS LABORATORY

AH! THE BULLET DIDN'T PROBE TOO DEEPLY! I'LL HAVE IT OUT IN A SHAKE!



WELL, WELL! SO THE PATIENT'S COMING A-ROUND! IT'S OFF TO THE HOSPITAL WITH YOU AND NO ARGUMENTS!

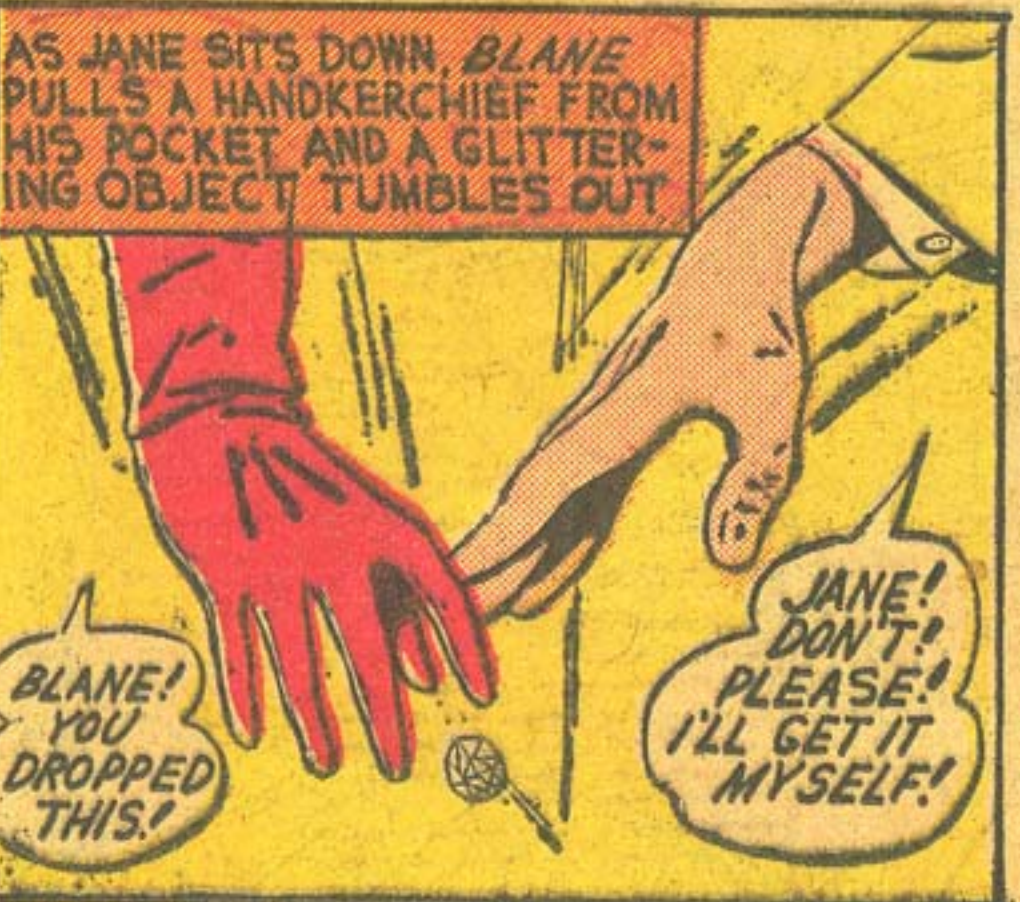
AW GEE!  
I DON'T NEED A HOSPITAL, HONEST!



BUT THE WIZARD REFUSES ROY'S PLEAS, AND SO —

NOW YOU BE A QUIET INVALID, AND YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT — HELLO JANE!

I JUST GOT YOUR MESSAGE AT THE OFFICE, BLAINE, ABOUT ROY'S ILLNESS!



AS JANE SITS DOWN, BLAINE PULLS A HANDKERCHIEF FROM HIS POCKET AND A GLITTERING OBJECT TUMBLES OUT

BLAINE!  
YOU DROPPED THIS!

JANE!  
DON'T PLEASE!  
I'LL GET IT MYSELF!



MY, YOU SEEM AWFULLY ANXIOUS FOR ME NOT TO SEE IT! WHAT IS IT ANYWAY? WHY? IT LOOKS LIKE A DIAMOND!

IT'S... ER... A LITTLE DOO-DAD FOR A... ER... RING! THAT'S IT, A RING!

YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ME, BLANE. I KNOW YOU WENT DOWN TO THE PIER THIS MORNING, AND.... GOOD LORD! INCOMING BOAT....! DIAMOND....! WHY, IT MUST BE SMUGGLING! ...THAT'S RIGHT, ISN'T IT BLANE?



YOUR SILENCE PROVES IT! IT'S A STORY AND I'M GOING TO WRITE IT! I'LL BET THOSE MURDERED REFUGEES TIE IN, TOO!

JANE! YOU MUSTN'T!



YOU'RE STICKIN' YOUR NECK OUT, JANE!

BUT JANE IS DEAF TO PROTESTS, AND SO LATER...

WUXTRY! READ ABOUT DIAMOND SMUGGLERS! WUXTRY!



JANE RETURNS TO THE HOSPITAL

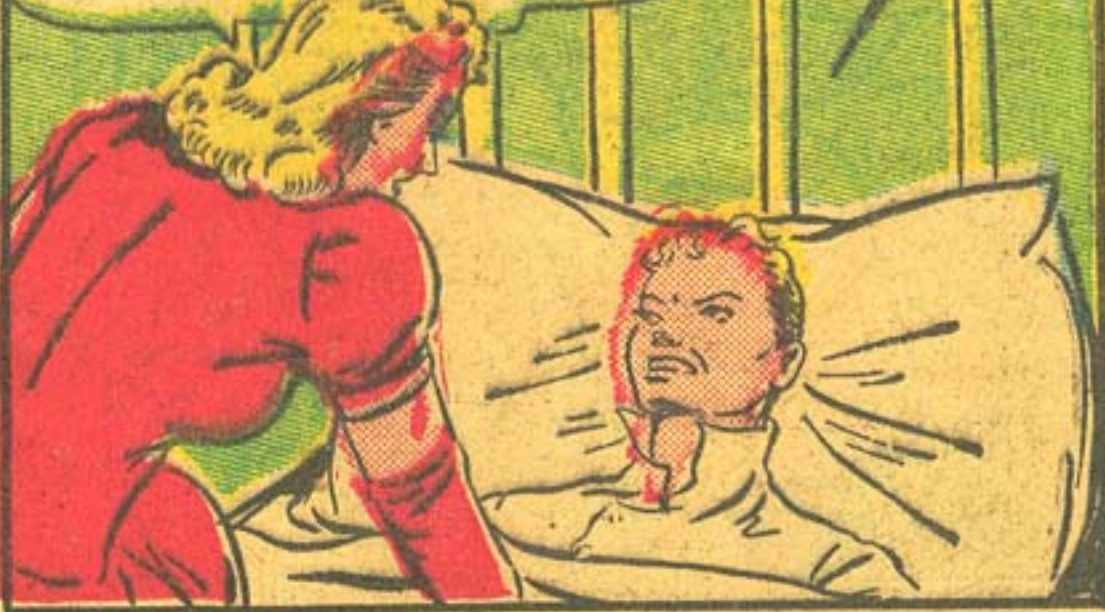
WELL, MY STORY IS OUT ROY, AND IT'S SENSATIONAL. HERE, READ IT!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT, JANE! THOSE SMUGGLERS ARE KILLERS!



THEY DON'T SCARE ME! I ONLY WISH I COULD FIND OUT WHERE THOSE REFUGEES FIT IN! THEY'RE NOT PART OF THE GANG, OR THEY WOULDN'T BE MURDERED!

I STILL THINK YOU OUGHT NOT TO MIX IN!



THAT BLANE AND ROY. THEY MAKE ME TIRED! ALWAYS THINKING I'M SO HELPLESS



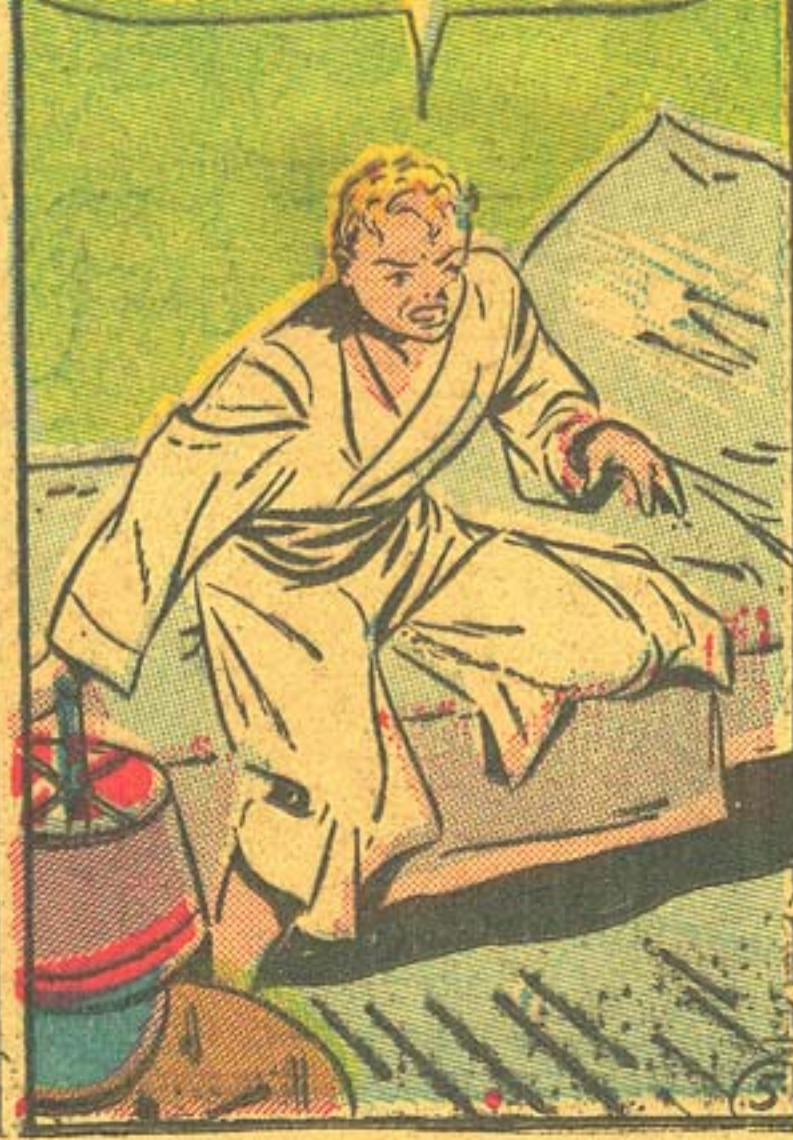
OKAY, HERE SHE COMES!

YOU'RE COMIN' WITH US, SISTER! GRAB HER, JOE!

WHA.... LET ME GO! HELP! HELP!



JUMPIN' JELLY BEANS! THAT'S JANE YELLIN'! I GOT TO GET TO HER!



THERE SHE IS! THEY'RE KIDNAPPIN' HER!

ROY SHUCKS HIS HOSPITAL ATTIRE AND THE SUPER BOY APPEARS

I DON'T NEED REST! I NEED ACTION!

A HAZARDOUS LEAP AND ROY'S SWINGING ALONG THE TELEPHONE WIRES

AND IT LOOKS LIKE I'M GOING TO GET PLENTY OF IT RIGHT NOW!

HERE COMES THE KIDNAPPER'S CAR ROUNDING THE CORNER. NOW I GOTTA TIME MY JUMP JUST RIGHT!

MADE IT! YOU GUYS GOT ANOTHER PASSENGER TO THE END OF THE LINE!

THE KIDNAPPERS SOON ARRIVE AT THEIR DESTINATION, A DENTIST'S OFFICE

INSIDE YOU!

GREAT HEAVENS.

HA, HA! A DENTIST WORKING ON CORPSES! VERY STARTLING, EH?

YOU ... YOU GHOUL! WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?

VERY SIMPLE! YOUR STORY ON DIAMOND SMUGGLING INCONVENIENCES ME GREATLY! NOW IF YOU WILL JUST WRITE ANOTHER STORY ABOUT HOW WRONG YOU WERE.....

I'LL NEVER DO IT!

YOU WON'T EH! THIS DRILL CAN DO OTHER THINGS BESIDES DRILLING TEETH - VERY UNPLEASANT THINGS, MY DEAR!



NO, NO! HELP!

JANE'S CRIES LOUSE A RESPONSIVE CHORD IN THE WIZARD'S SUPER-BRAIN!



JANE'S IN DANGER THAT'S MY CUE! OH... OH! HERE COMES ROY! NICE GOING, BOY!

THE SUPER-BOY FEARLESSLY LEAPS INTO THE THICK OF THE PACK!



IT'S THAT SQUIRT AGAIN!

MEDDLE, WILL YOU?

HAVE YOURSELF A LITTLE FLING!



OOMPH!



UKK!

STOP FIGHTING, YOU IMP OF SATAN, OR THIS DRILL GOUGES DEEP INTO YOUR PRETTY FRIEND'S THROAT!

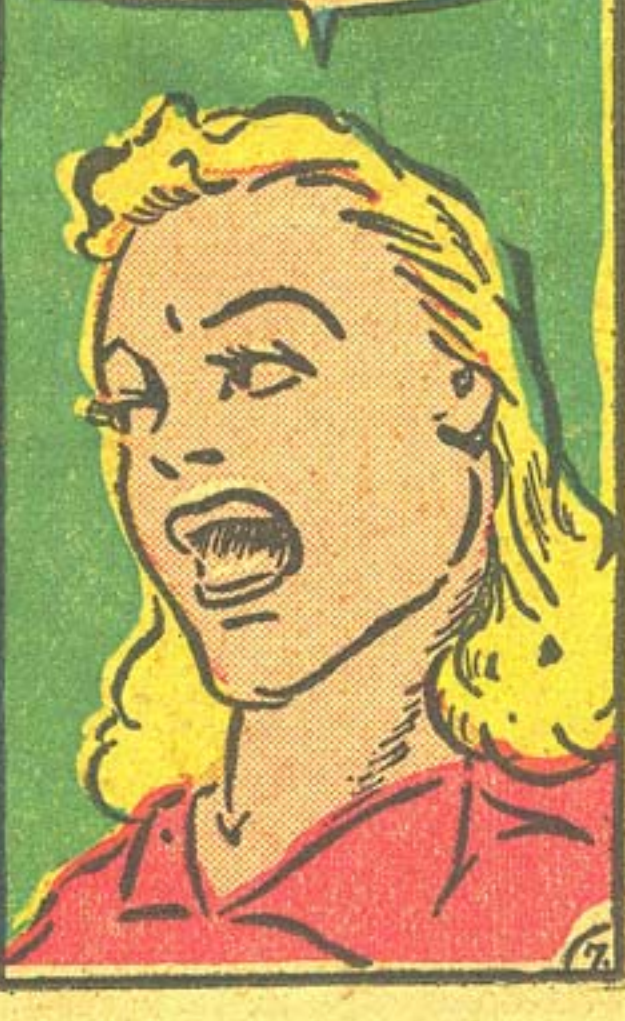


HEY! DON'T!

THE BOY OF THE FUTURE IS FORCED TO SUBMIT, AND HE IS IMMEDIATELY PUT UNDER ETHER. AN EXTRA DOSE OF THIS WILL PUT YOU TO SLEEP - PERMANENTLY!



STOP! DON'T KILL HIM! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY! I'LL WRITE THE RETRACTION!







NO YOU WON'T

THE WIZARD!

JUMP HIM! QUICK!



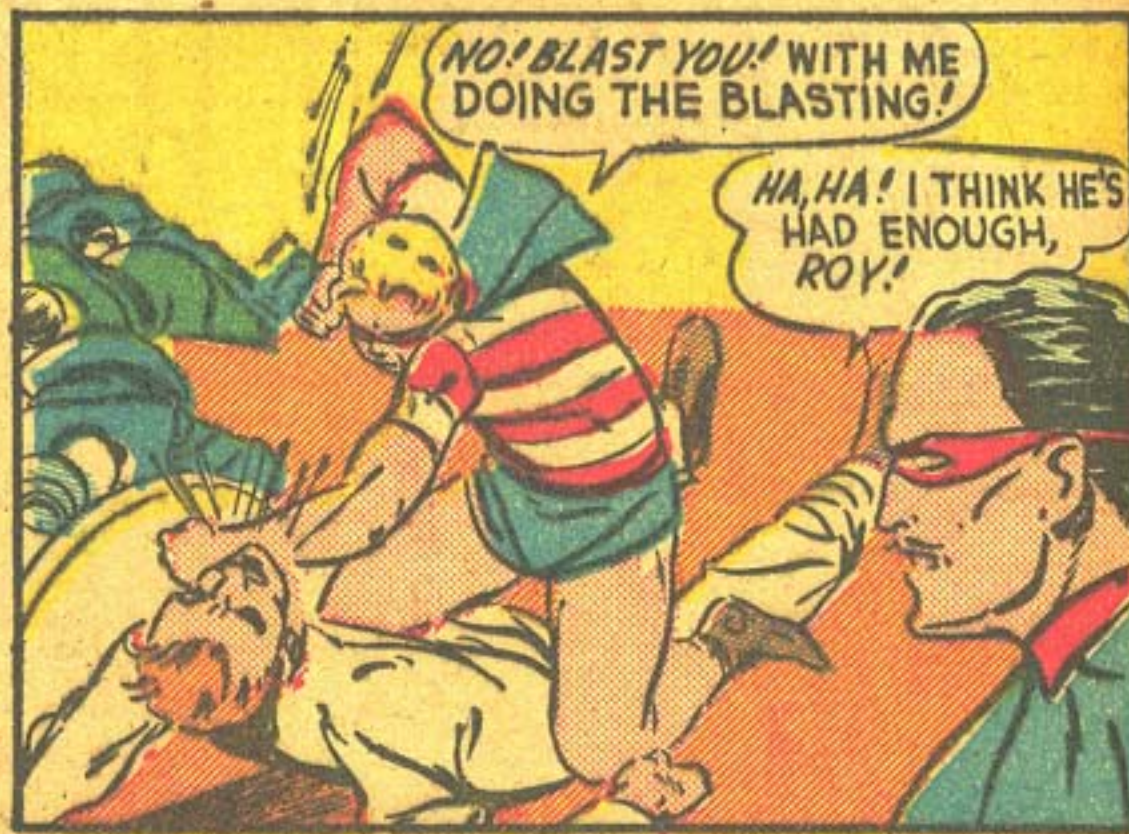
FEEL LIKE JUMPING, EH! ALL RIGHT, JUMP!

MEANWHILE, ROY HAS RECOVERED FROM THE ETHER



HEY YOU! NOT THINKING OF LEAVING US, ARE YOU?

YOU AGAIN! BLAST YOU!



NO! BLAST YOU! WITH ME DOING THE BLASTING!

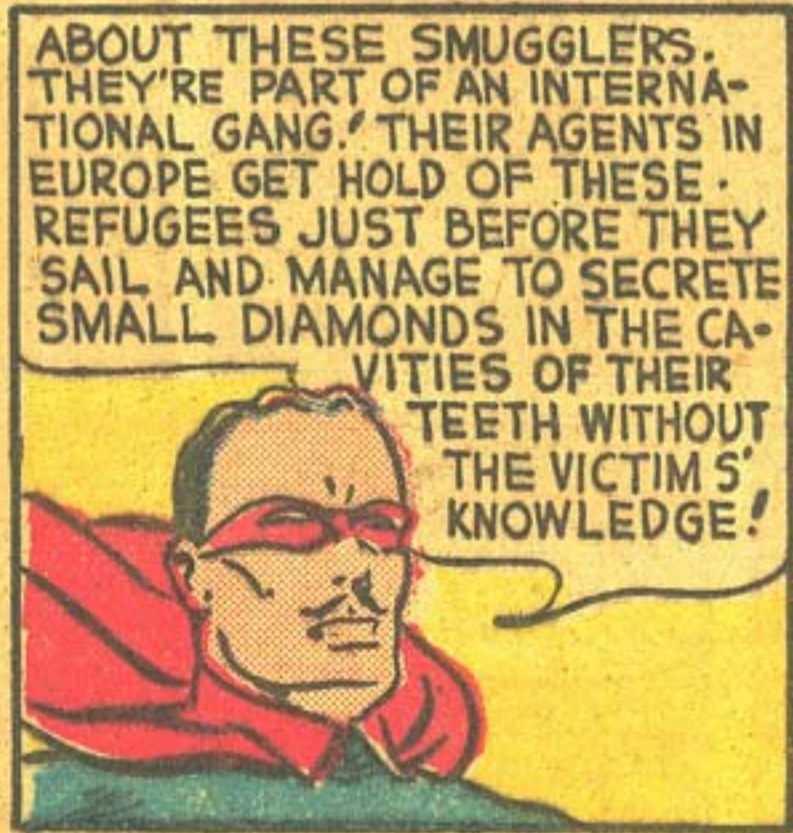
HA, HA! I THINK HE'S HAD ENOUGH, ROY!

THE ENTIRE GANG IS SUBDUED



WIZARD? HOW DID YOU KNOW I NEEDED HELP? HOW DO YOU ALWAYS KNOW? YOU PROBABLY KNOW ABOUT THESE SMUGGLERS, TOO! HOW DO THEY OPERATE?

WHOA! ONE QUESTION AT A TIME!

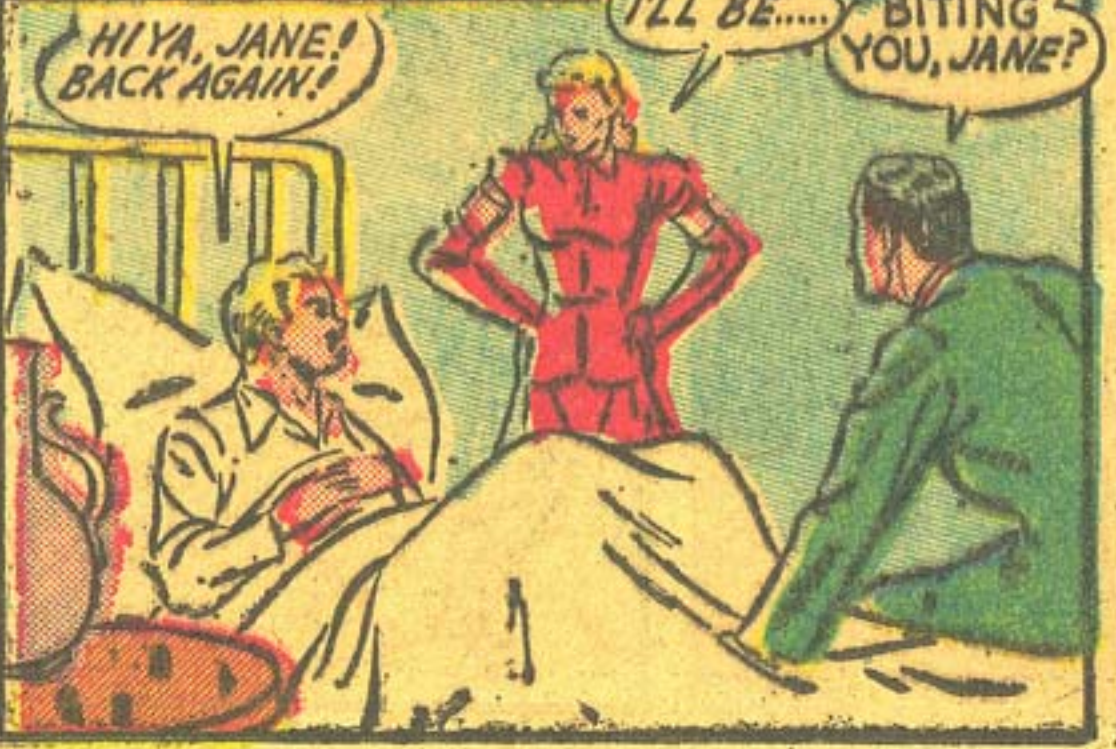


ABOUT THESE SMUGGLERS, THEY'RE PART OF AN INTERNATIONAL GANG! THEIR AGENTS IN EUROPE GET HOLD OF THESE REFUGEES JUST BEFORE THEY SAIL AND MANAGE TO SECRETE SMALL DIAMONDS IN THE CAVITIES OF THEIR TEETH WITHOUT THE VICTIM'S KNOWLEDGE!



THEY SEND AHEAD DESCRIPTIONS OF THE DIAMOND CARRIERS. THESE KILLERS DO THE REST! I GUESS THEY'RE READY FOR THE POLICE, NOW!

LATER, AT THE HOSPITAL



HIYA, JANE! BACK AGAIN!

WELL, I'LL BE....

WHAT'S BITING YOU, JANE?



I THOUGHT SURE THAT ROY, HERE, WAS THE BOY WHO'S ALWAYS WITH THE WIZARD—BUT HERE YOU ARE AT THE HOSPITAL! I GIVE UP!  
HA, HA! AND DON'T TELL ME YOU THOUGHT I WAS THE WIZARD!

ANOTHER EPISODE OF THE WIZARD WITH ALL THE EXPECTED THRILLS—PLUS—APPEARS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH COMICS

# Fran Frazer

FRAN FRAZER, BEAUTIFUL GIRL NEWS-PHOTOGRAPHER, IS IN MOSCOGRAD... AS SHE ROAMS THE STREETS IN SEARCH OF UN-USUAL SHOTS - A FOREIGN-MADE MOTORCAR ROARS TOWARD HER...

HEY! LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

OF ALL THE STUPID TRICKS! MUD ALL OVER ME! WHY YOU BIG—! IF I WERE A MAN I'D—!

THE LIMOUSINE COMES TO A HALT A FEW FEET BEYOND THE INFURIATED GIRL PHOTOGRAPHER.

VAS IS DER IDEA? A VOMAN DARES INSULT A SERVANT OF DER REICH?

VEN YOU INSULT ME YOU INSULT DER FUEHRER! IN DER VATERLAND YOU SHOULD BE IN DER HOME WHERE VOMAN'S PLACE IS!

BAH! FOREIGN WOMEN ARE STUPID PEEGS! NOW YOU HAFF DELAYED MY CONFERENCE WIT DER JAPANESE AMBASSADOR!

FRAN PICKS UP A PAPER WHICH THE GERMAN DROPPED.

AH, HECK! IT'S ALL IN GERMAN. I CAN'T READ A WORD OF IT!



THIS IS OFFICIAL STUFF! SO EVEN THO' THE FELLOW WASN'T A GENTLE MAN, I'LL BE A LADY AND RETURN IT!



BUT THE CAR HAS GONE....

JAPANESE EMBASSY



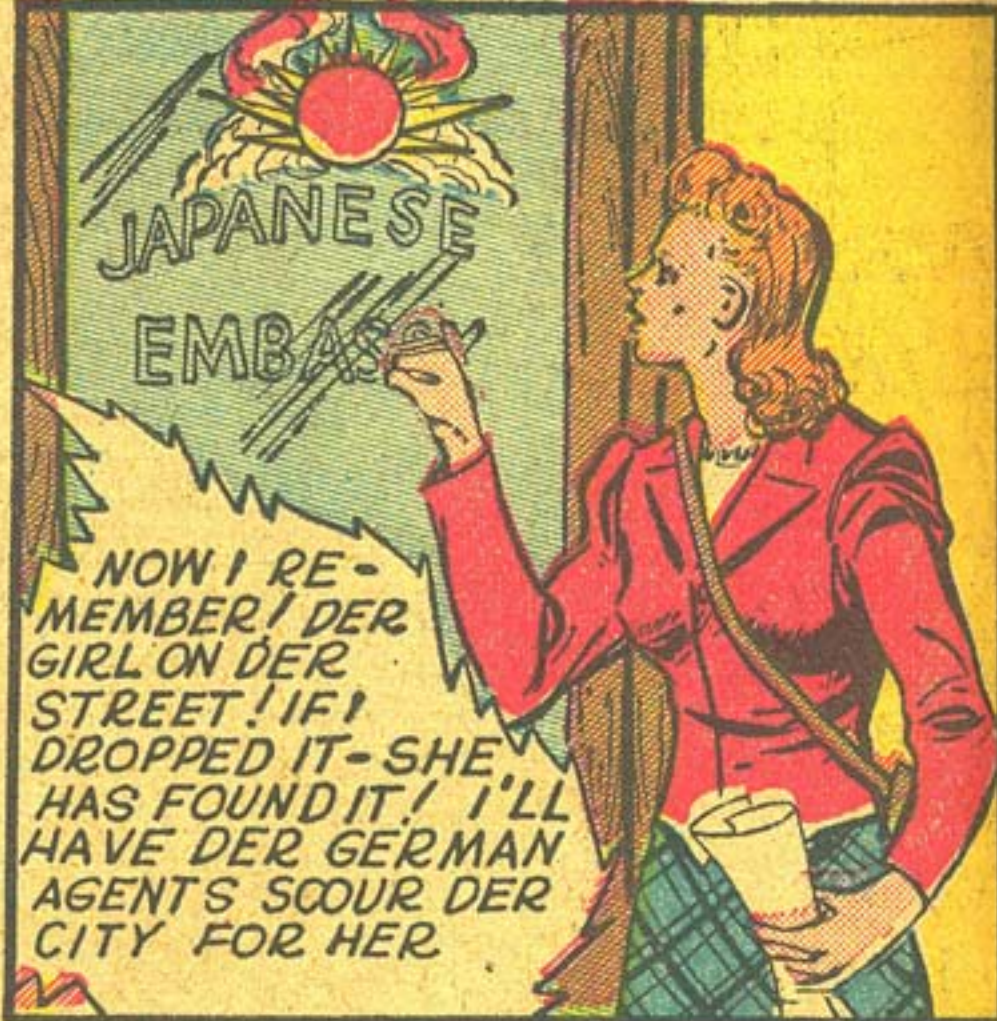
AND FRAN HURRIES TO THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.

DONNERWETTER! I HAD DER PAPER A WHILE AGO!

BUT HERR FIBBENTOP! IT WAS NOT MEANT TO BE SEEN BY ANY EYES BUT OURS!



JAPANESE EMBASSY



NOW I REMEMBER! DER GIRL ON DER STREET! IF I DROPPED IT - SHE HAS FOUND IT! I'LL HAVE DER GERMAN AGENTS SCOUR DER CITY FOR HER

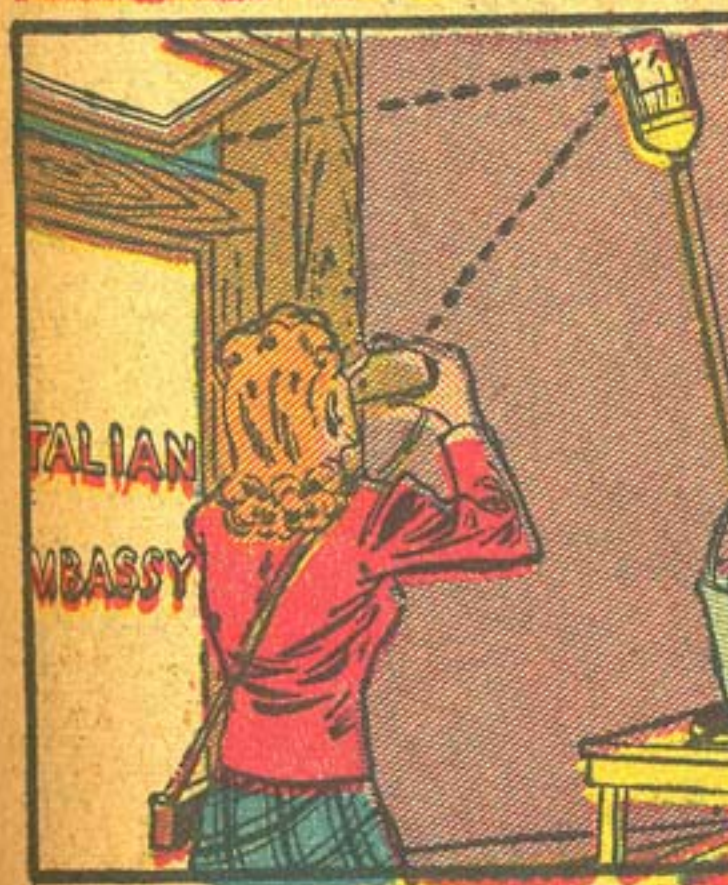
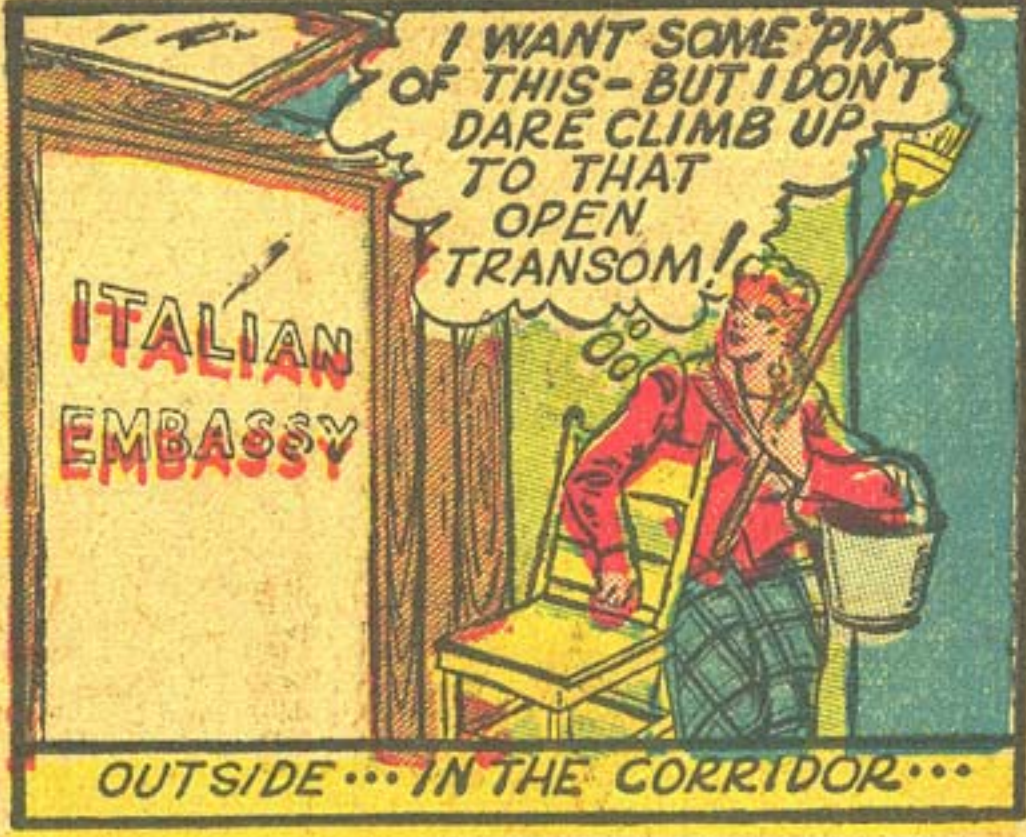
I'LL GIVE ORDERS TO SHOOT HER ON SIGHT - AS A SPY! IN THAT VAY, SHE CAN'T TALK IN CASE SHE READ DER PAPER!



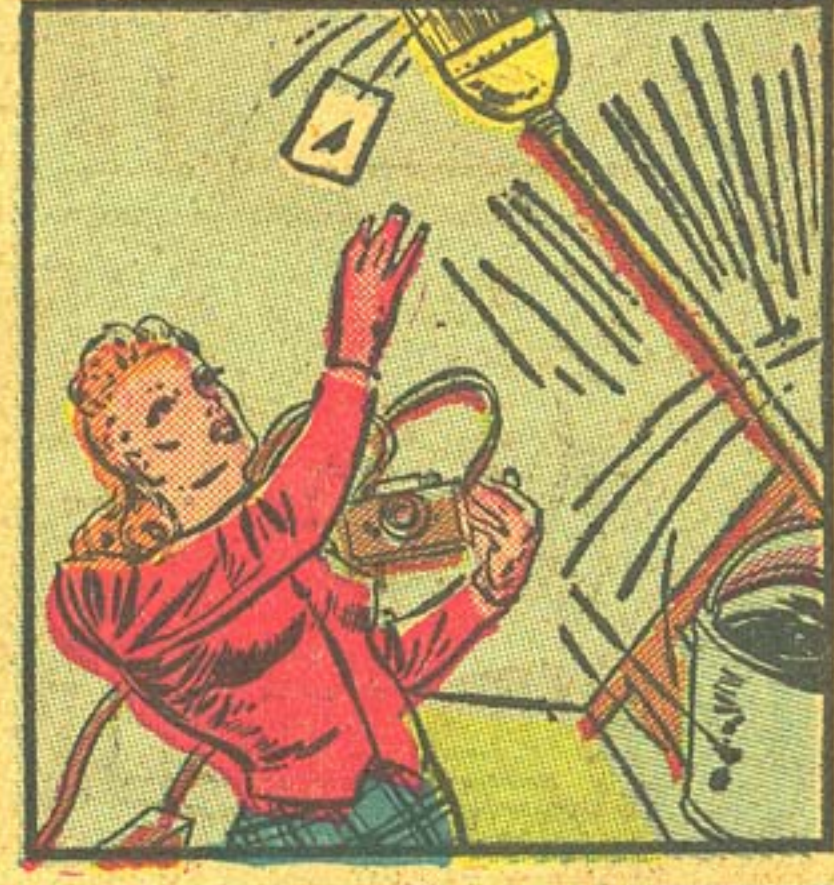
FOLLOW ME! WE SHALL VARN DER ITALIAN EMBASSY TO BE ON DER LOOKOUT FOR HER!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER....



ATTACHING HER VANITY MIRROR TO THE BROOM, FRAN TAKES A PICTURE OF THE SCENE INSIDE THE ROOM, AS REFLECTED ON HER MIRROR THRU THE OPEN TRANSOM!



FRAN RUSHES TO THE MOSCOGRAD FOREIGN AFFAIRS OFFICE....



I-I BEG YOUR PARDON?

I MUST SEE THE CHIEF OF STAFF. IT IS A MATTER OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.

THE GIRL PHOTOGRAPHER IS USHERED INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE WORLD FAMOUS "HITWUNOFF"....



MISS FRAZER! THIS IS A BOMBSHELL THAT BREAKS UP OUR CONFERENCE WITH THE AXIS POWERS! YOU HAVE SAVED MOSCOGRAD FROM SERIOUS INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS!



FOR YOUR INFORMATION - I WISH TO ANNOUNCE AN IMMEDIATE CONFERENCE WITH THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOR! AND THE MOSCOGRAD SECRET POLICE WILL ESCORT YOU SAFELY, WHEREVER YOU WISH TO GO!



AS FRAN LEAVES THE COMMISSAR OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS....



IT IS SHE!  
SO SORRY! MUST KILL!



DER PAPER! WHERE IST?

SPEAK QUICK!

IN AN INSTANT, THE AXIS REPRESENTATIVES ARE SURROUNDED BY SECRET POLICE!



THANKS FOR THE SCOOP! YOU'LL FIND THE PAPER YOU'RE AFTER IN HITWUNOFF'S OFFICE AND IF YOU WANT THE INSIDE STORY-- GET A COPY OF "STRIFE"! SO LONG, BOYS!



**STRIFE**

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES BY FRAN FRAZER OF BREAK-UP OF AXIS CONFERENCE!!

COVER THE NEWS FRONT OF WARRING EUROPE WITH FRAN FRAZER IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH COMICS.

# KEITH KORNELL

## WEST-POINTER



KEITH KORNELL, AND HIS FELLOW CADET, TUBBY WALSH, ARE SPENDING THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS WITH TUBBY'S FOLKS.



THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER AND THE CADETS PREPARE TO LEAVE....



A DETECTIVE AND HIS PRISONER BOARD THE SAME TRAIN

YOUR KILLING DAYS ARE OVER, LOUIE!

ALL ABOARD!

THIS IS A ONE-WAY RIDE TO SING-SING FOR YOU!

I AIN'T THERE YET, COPPER!

THIS IS ONE RAP YOU WON'T ESCAPE, LOUIE! YOU'LL GET THE HOT SQUAT FOR THAT LAST MURDER!

HAW HAW! THE JAIL AIN'T BUILT THAT CAN HOLD LOUIS ZORILLI!

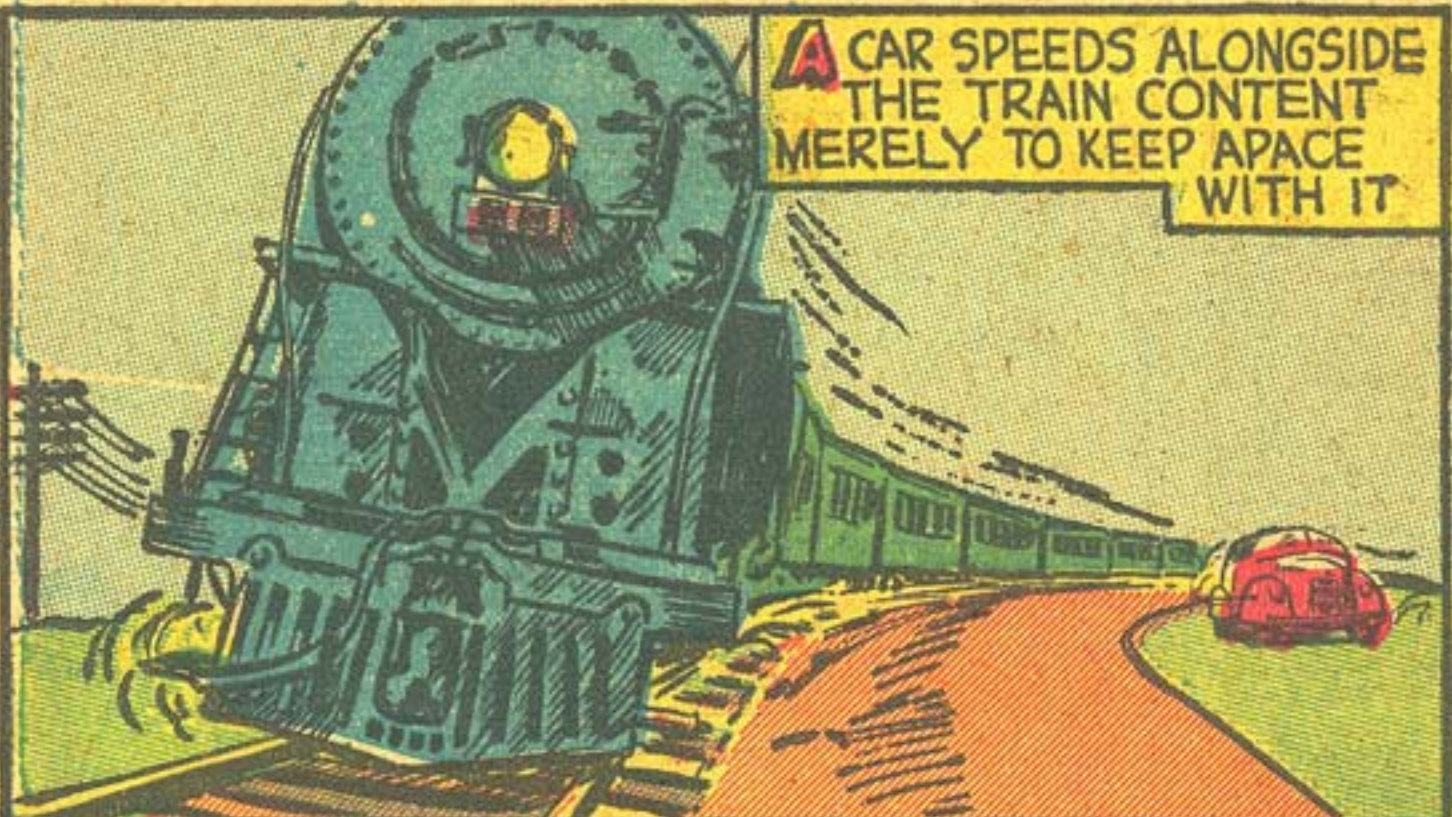


I'M GONNA GRAB A DRINK, TUBBY!

OKAY, KEITH!



A CAR SPEEDS ALONGSIDE THE TRAIN CONTENT MERELY TO KEEP APACE WITH IT



KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR THE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF BOYS! LOUIE SAID HE'D WAVE IT!



WHAT'RE YA DOIN' WITH THAT HANDKERCHIEF, ZORILLI?

THERE AIN'T NO LAW AGAINST SNEEZIN', COPPER! I GOT A COLD!



THERE'S THE HANDKERCHIEF! THIRD WINDOW FROM THE LEFT! LET HIM HAVE IT!

YEAH! I CAN SEE THE COPPER GOOD, TOO!



ZORILLI SUDDENLY JERKS HIS HEAD BACK. A HAIL OF BULLETS COME THROUGH THE WINDOW

THEY GOT THE COPPER! THE BOYS WORKED IT PERFECT!

HELP!



THE GANGSTER GRABS THE DETECTIVE'S GUN

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, EVERYBODY! EXCEPT YOU, SOLDIER BOY, C'MERE!

WH....WHO...





WHY YOU DIRTY MURDERER, I'LL...

CUT THE GAB. GET THE KEY TO THIS HANDCUFF! UNLESS YOU WANT SOME LEAD!



LATER AS KEITH RETURNS

(ANOTHER SOLDIER! TAKE THAT!)

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON!

KEITH! WATCH OUT!



OUTTA MY WAY FATTY! I'M SCRAMMIN'!

OOOF!



HE'S KNOCKED TUBBY UNCONSCIOUS! I'M GOING AFTER THAT KILLER!



KEITH CHASES THE KILLER INTO THE BAGGAGE CAR.

THERE HE GOES! UP THE LADDER TO THE ROOF!



I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL!



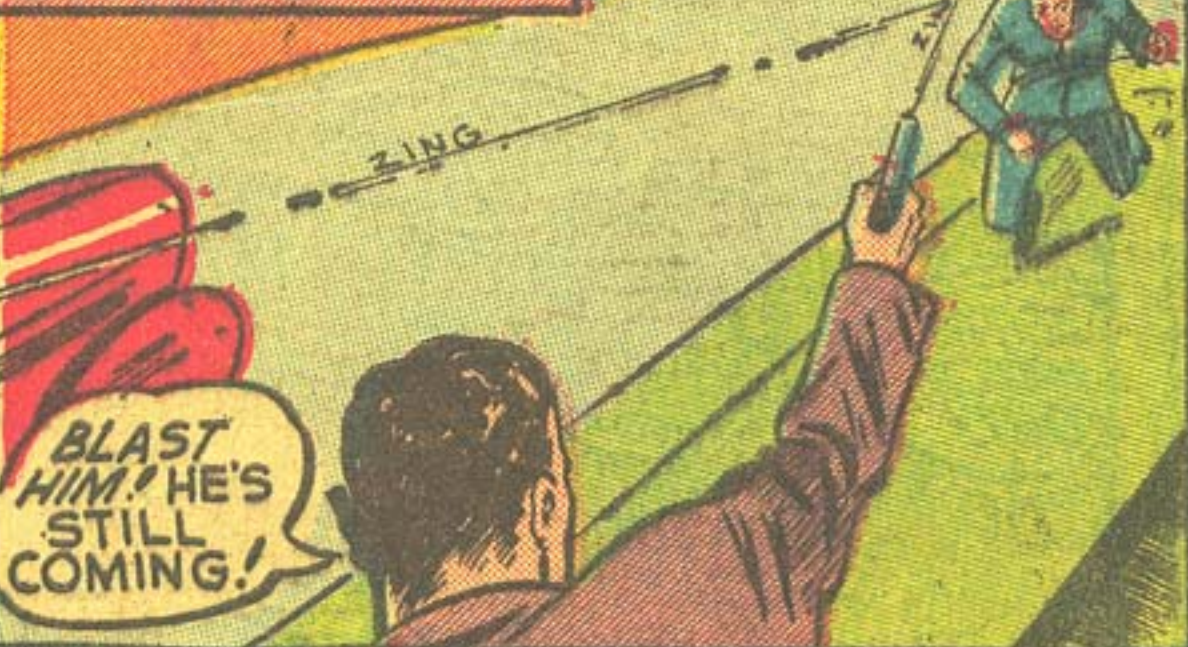
WOW! THAT BULLET WAS CLOSE!



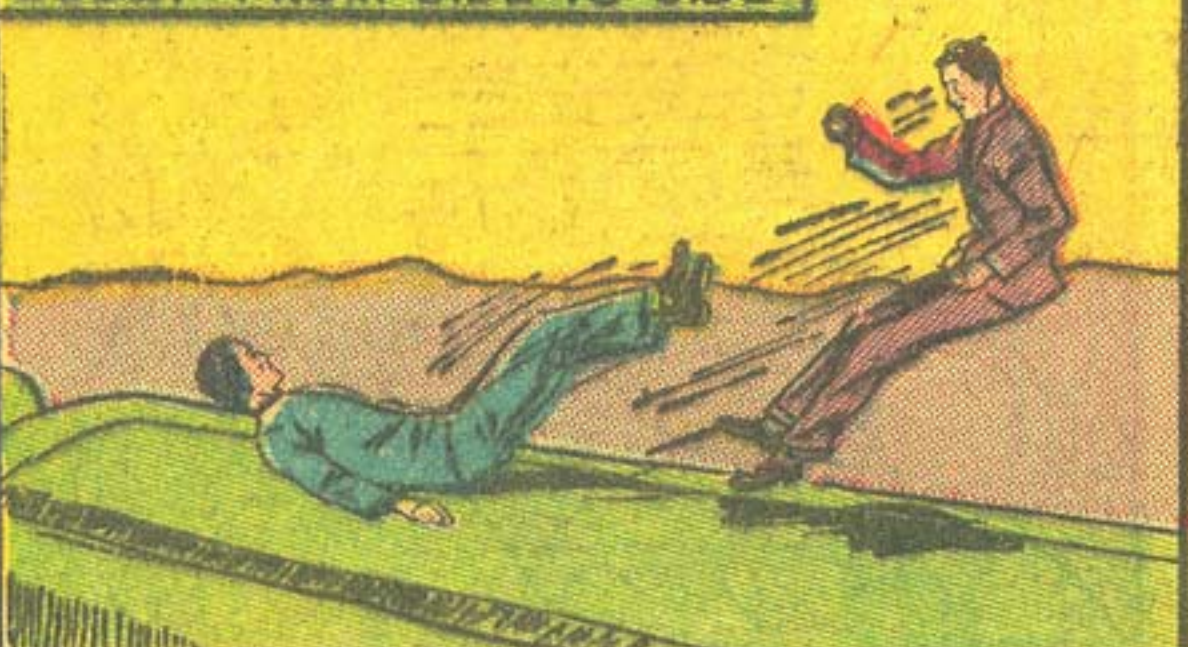
THE BOYS ARE STILL TRAILIN' ALONG! I CAN MAKE A PERFECT GETAWAY IF I CAN ONLY SHAKE THIS PUNK!



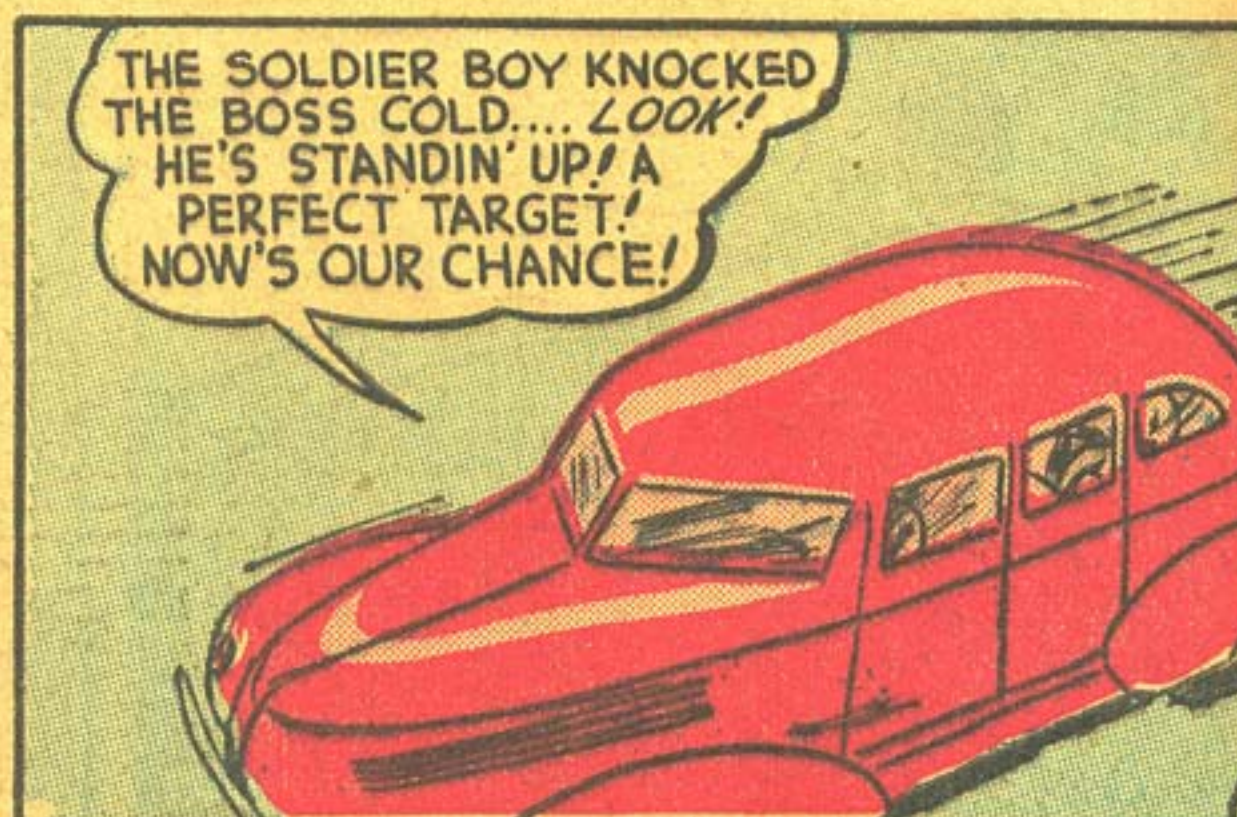
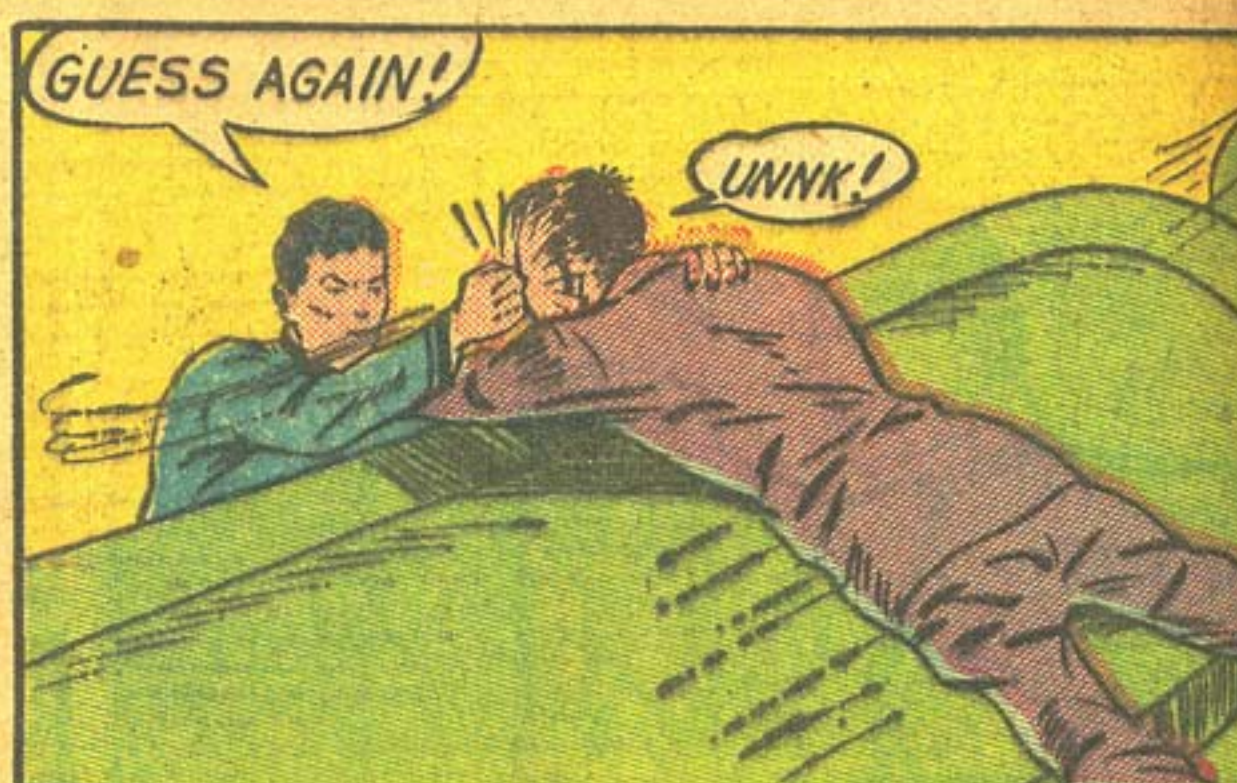
KEITH IS CAUGHT BETWEEN A CROSS-FIRE FROM THE GANGSTER'S CAR AND ZORILLI



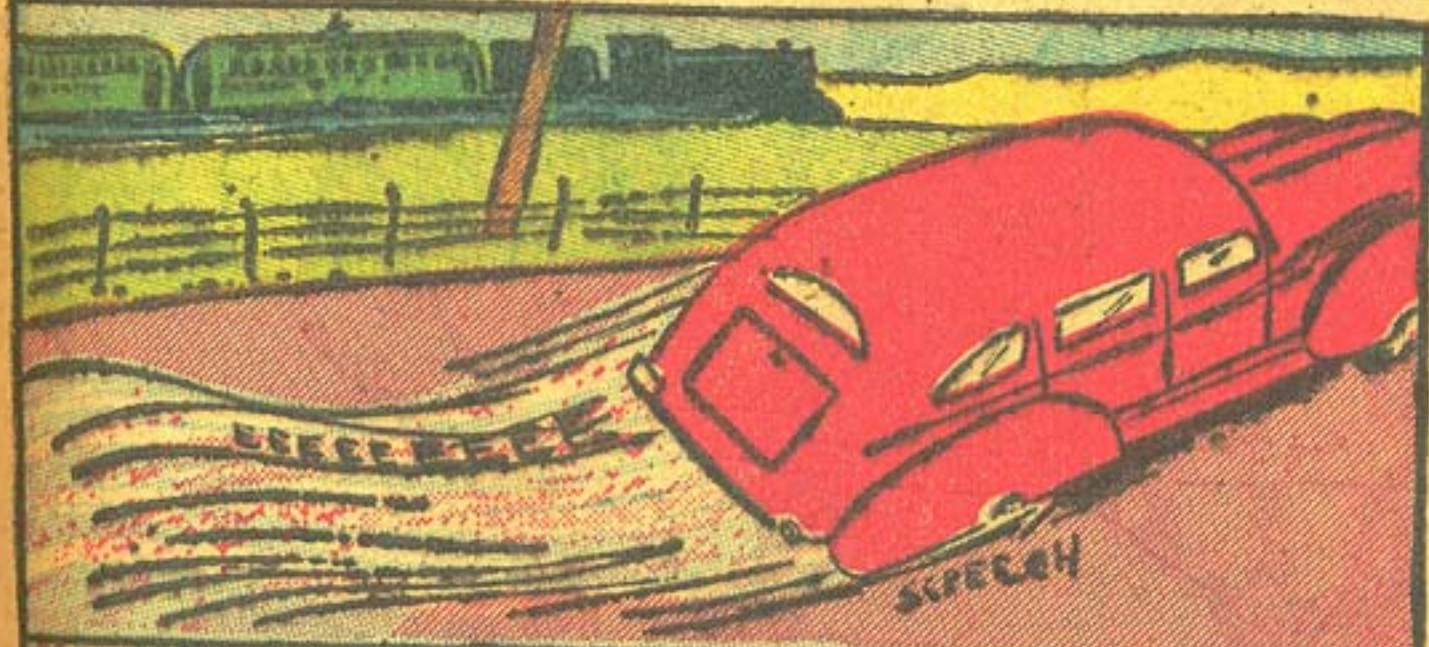
KEITH AND THE KILLER STRUGGLE FURIOUSLY AS THE TRAIN ROARS ALONG, ROCKING DANGEROUSLY FROM SIDE TO SIDE



ZORILLI BATTLES WITH THE DESPERATION OF A CORNERED RAT



KEITH'S LIFE IS SAVED BY THE PITCHING OF THE TRAIN WHICH SPOILS THE AIM OF THE GANGSTERS



KEITH'S BULLETS FIND THEIR MARK IN THE GANGSTER'S TIRES—A BLOW-OUT—AND THE CAR CAREENS CRAZILY ALONG THE ROAD.

FINALLY SWERVING INTO A TELEPHONE POLE WITH A SICKENING CRASH!



KEITH RACES TO THE MOTORMAN'S CAB



THE PASSENGERS PILE OUT AND RUN UP TO THE WRECK



WE OWE OUR SAFETY TO THIS CADET'S HEROISM! I PROPOSE WE SHOW HIM OUR GRATITUDE!



HEY! I DON'T WANT THIS.... WAIT A MINUTE! I'LL TAKE IT AND DONATE IT TO CHARITY!



KEITH KORNELL, WEST POINTER, APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH COMICS

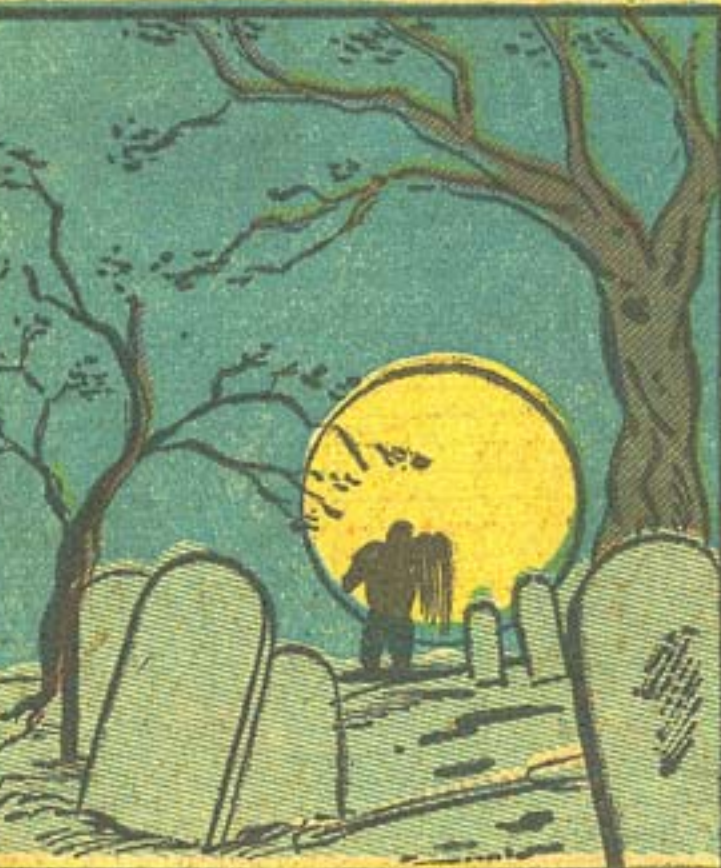
# THE FIREFLY



IT IS MIDNIGHT—A GRIM-EERIE FIGURE STALKS THROUGH A GRAVEYARD—THE MUMMY

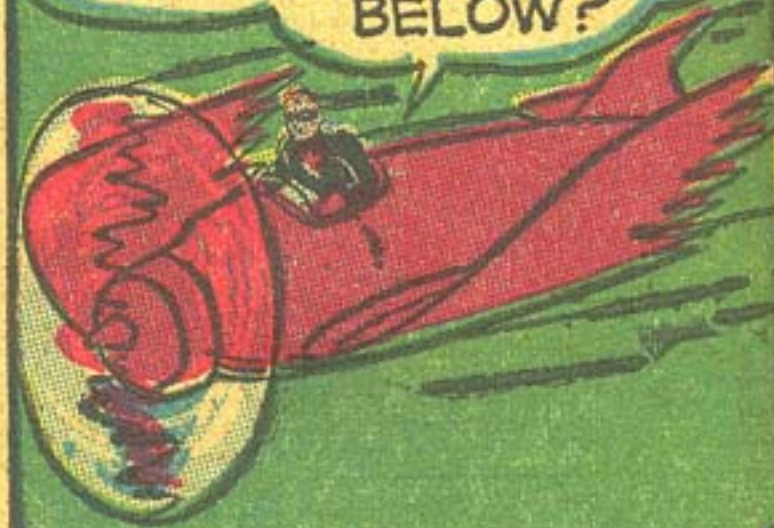
SWIFTLY, THE MUMMY ACCOMPLISHES HIS GHOULISH MISSION

THIS WILL BE THE LAST CORPSE FOR TONIGHT.



THE MONSTER OF CRIME WENDS HIS WAY THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD.

THERE'VE BEEN TOO MANY GRAVE ROBBERIES LATELY AND THE FIREFLY IS GOING TO DO SOME CHECKING... WHAT'S THAT FIGURE BELOW?



WHILE CIRCLING LOW ABOVE, IS THE GLEAMING AIRPLANE OF THE FIREFLY—THE FIREFLYER

GOOD GOSH! IT'S THE MUMMY!  
I WOULD HAVE STAKED MY LIFE  
HE WAS DEAD..... I'LL  
FOLLOW HIM!



THE MUMMY ENTERS HIS LAIR—A MAUSOLEUM IN THE GRAVEYARD

HA! MY LEGION OF  
LIVE CORPSES. WAITING  
FOR YOUR MASTER, EH!

HOME!

HOME!

HOME!



CURSE THEM! ALL THEY DO IS  
CHANT FOR THEIR HOMES. I  
SHALL INJECT TWICE AS  
MUCH BLOOD INTO THIS  
CORPSE. PERHAPS IT WILL  
THEN BE MORE LOYAL TO  
THE MUMMY!



A GLOWING FIGURE SWOOPS  
INTO THE MUMMY'S LAIR

THE FIREFLY!



THE MUMMY AND HIS MORTAL  
FOE, THE FIREFLY, ONCE  
AGAIN COME TO DEATH  
GRIPS

I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT FIENDISH TRICK  
YOU'RE UP TO NOW, BUT  
I'M GOING TO.....



A LITTLE HIGH ON THAT  
TACKLE, MUMMY... NOW GO  
TAKE YOURSELF A NAP!



A FURTIVE NOISE AT THE DOOR  
CAUSES THE FIREFLY TO SWING  
ABOUT

WOW! THOSE THINGS! THEY'RE  
WALKING CORPSES.... AND  
THEY'RE ESCAPING!



THE MUMMY TAKES AD-  
VANTAGE OF HIS FOE'S  
DISTRACTION

BLAST YOU, FIREFLY!  
BLAST YOU! TAKE  
THAT!





YOU HAVE FOILED ME *THIS* TIME, *FIREFLY*—BUT YOU SHALL YET RUE THE DAY OUR PATHS CROSSED!

HE'S ESCAPING!



THOSE CORPSES! I MUST GO AFTER THEM. NO TELLING WHAT HORRORS THEY MAY COMMIT!



I CAN IDENTIFY THEM BY THE TOMB-STONES OVER THE FRESHLY DUG GRAVES! "HOME" THEY KEPT CHANTING. I'LL GO TO THEIR HOMES — *MYRON JEFFRIES, FIRST!*



AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE *JEFFRIES HOME*—

GOSH, MOM! I MISS POP SOME-THING AWFUL!

HE'S PASSED AWAY! WE CAN ONLY PRAY FOR HIM NOW, BILLY!



THEN, A WALKING HORROR BURSTS IN—THE LIVING CORPSE OF *MYRON JEFFRIES*

BLOOD BLOOD! I MUST HAVE BLOOD!

POP! IT'S POP!

OO! NO IT CAN'T BE!



I MUST HAVE BLOOD! I MUST HAVE BLOOD!

MYRON! DON'T! I'M YOUR WIFE! HELP! HELP!



LATER.....

THIS IS THE *JEFFRIES' HOME*. THINGS ARE OMINOUSLY QUIET! HEAVEN GRANT NOTHING HAS HAPPENED!



DEAD! BOTH OF THEM. AND THEY'RE CHALK-WHITE AS THOUGH THE BLOOD HAS BEEN DRAINED FROM THEM! THE *MUMMY* HAS GIVEN LIFE TO THE CORPSES WITH *HUMAN-BLOOD*, AND THEY MUST GET MORE OR THEY RETURN TO THE GRAVE!



I MUST GET THOSE FAMILIES TO A SAFE PLACE. A CITY-WIDE ALARM MUST BE BROADCAST. I'LL GO TO *JOAN*, SHE'LL HELP ME!

JOAN BURTON, REPORTER, THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS THE *FIREFLY'S* TRUE IDENTITY.

IT'S LATE AND I'M TIRED, BUT I MUST GET THIS STORY OUT!



*FIREFLY!* NO TIME FOR QUESTIONS, JOAN. THE *MUMMY* IS AT WORK AGAIN!



THE *FIREFLY* EXPLAINS THE WHOLE HORRIBLE STORY.

AND SO YOU MUST PUT OUT AN EXTRA TELLING THESE FAMILIES TO GO TO THE JAIL. THEY'LL BE SAFE THERE. NOTIFY THE POLICE, ALSO!



YOU'RE NOT SAFE, EITHER, WITH THE *MUMMY* AT LARGE. DON'T MOVE FROM THIS OFFICE, I'LL BE BACK SOON!



I'LL BE SAFE. HURRY, *FIREFLY!*

THE POLICE RECEIVE JOAN'S CALL

WHAT! CORPSES MURDERING THEIR OWN FAMILIES? ARE YOU NUTS? GO ON TO BED AND SLEEP IT OFF.... OH, ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT... BUT IF THIS IS A GAG —!



THAT GIRL REPORTER HASN'T GIVEN US A BUM STEER YET. THE WHOLE THING SOUNDS WHACKY BUT WE BETTER PLAY SAFE AND DO LIKE SHE SAYS!



RIGHT, CHIEF!

DAILY STAR  
LIVE CORPSES ON THE LOOSE.  
2 MURDERED ALREADY



WUXTRY, WUXTRY!

CALLING ALL CARS! GO IMMEDIATELY TO THE FOLLOWING HOMES

ETC.....ETC...

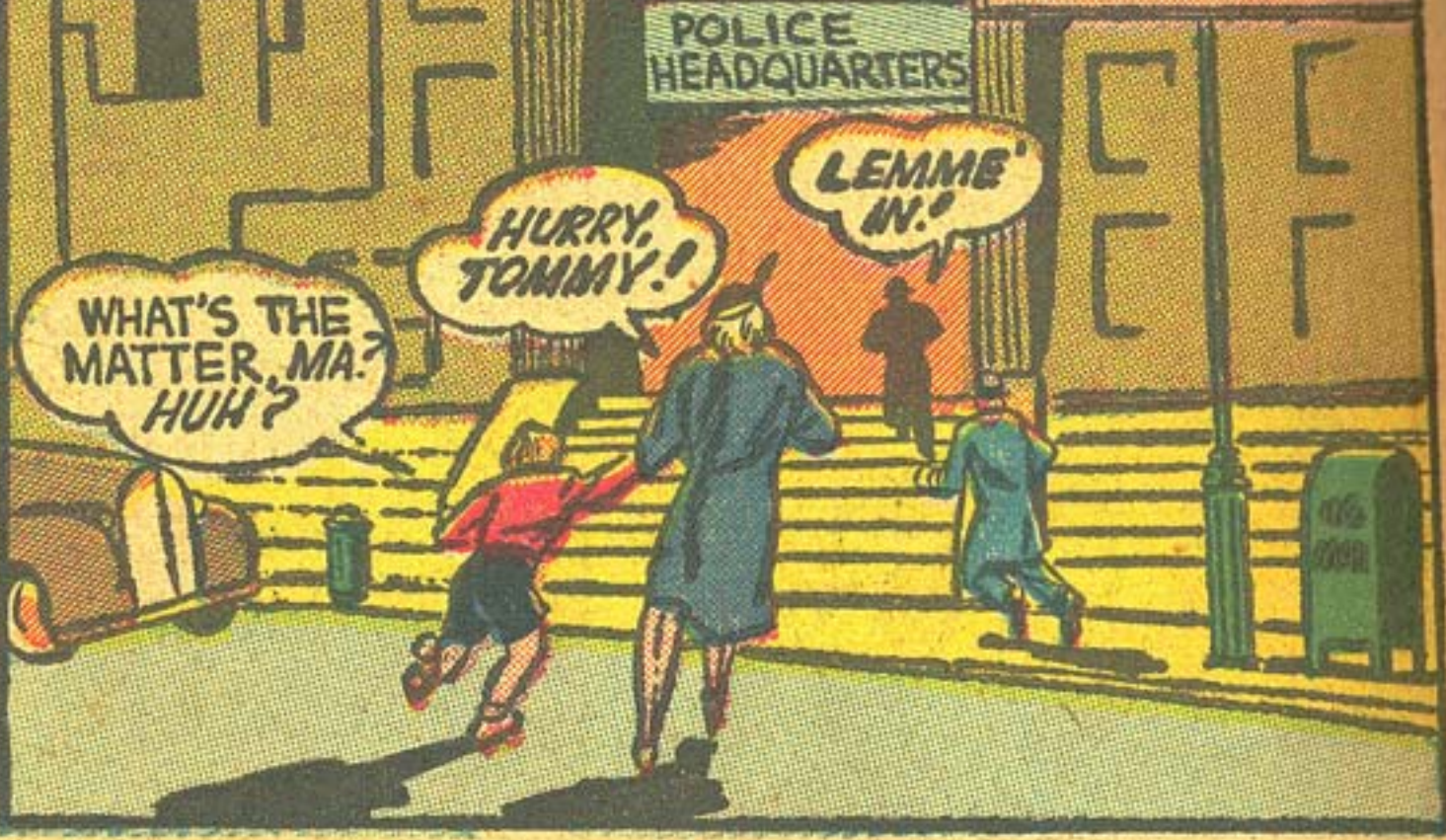


**FLASH!** THE FOLLOWING FAMILIES WILL RUN IMMEDIATELY TO THE COUNTY JAIL. HURRY, YOUR LIVES ARE IN DANGER. ETC...ETC..!

OH! MY NAME WAS MENTIONED!



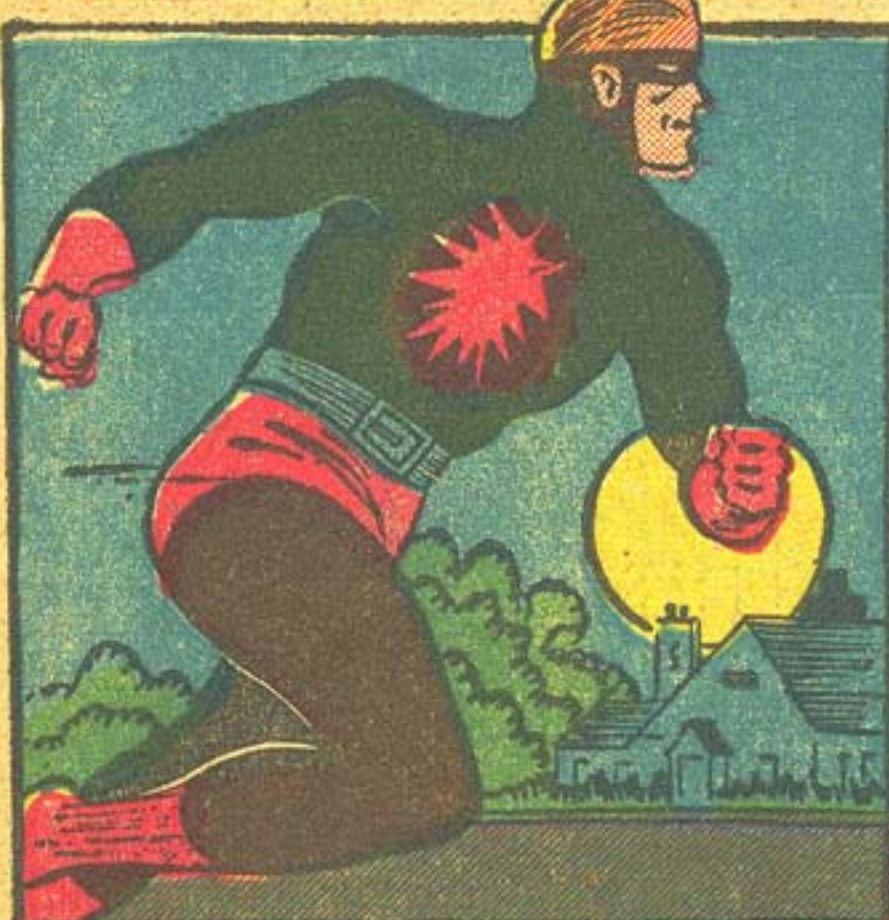
THE JAIL HOUSE BECOMES A SCENE OF PANIC STRICKEN ACTIVITY. FAMILIES FROM ALL OVER THE CITY FLOCK TO IT FOR PROTECTION...



WHAT'S THE MATTER, MA? HUH?

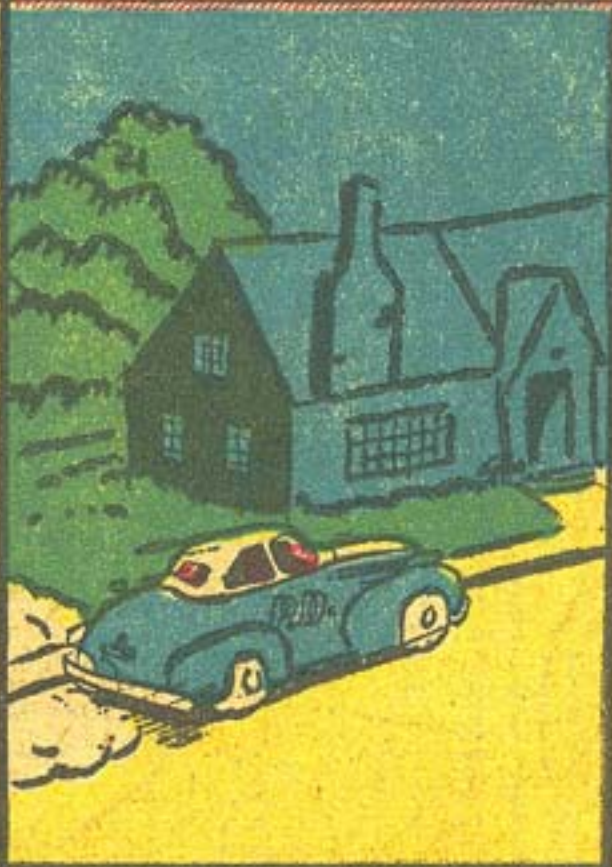
HURRY, TOMMY!

LEMME IN!



WHILE THE GLOWING FIGURE OF JUSTICE SPEEDS THROUGH THE NIGHT ACCOMPLISHING HIS GRISLY TASK.

SIRENS SHRILL THRU THE CITY STREETS, AS POLICE CARS HURTLE TOWARD THE CORPSES' HOMES.



IN ONE OF THEM

LOOK, JOE! IT'S THE CORPSE ALL RIGHT!

BLOOD! BLOOD!

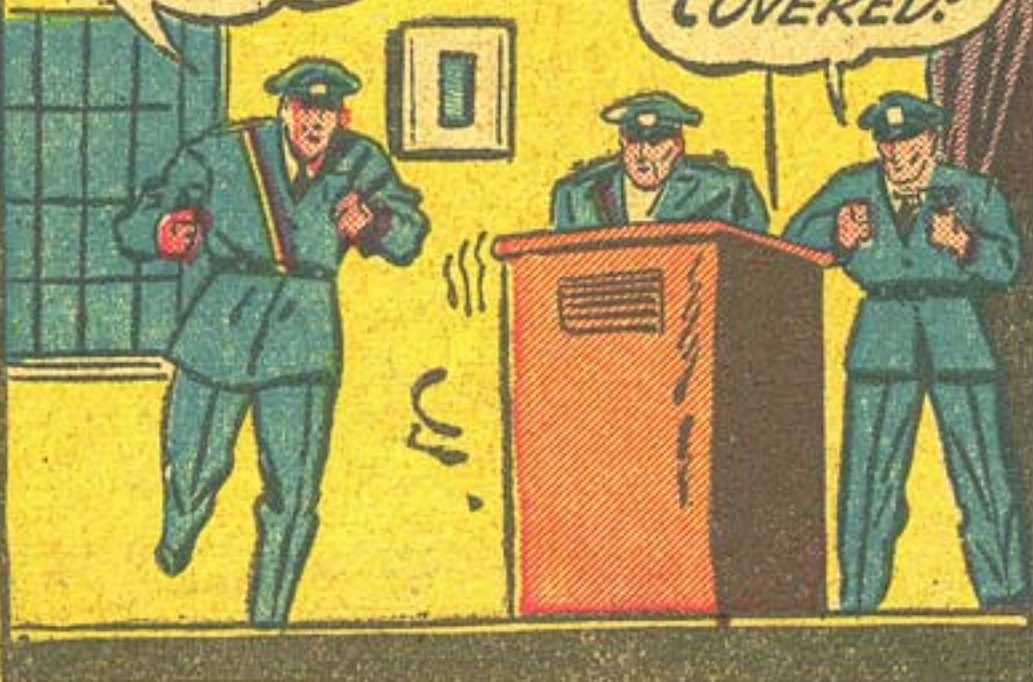
WHO COULDA STRUNG IT UP THAT WAY?

AT ANOTHER HOME —

NO SIGN OF A CORPSE! THE HOUSE IS EMPTY!

LOOK, THE HAMPER! IT'S MOVING!

OPEN IT! I GOT IT COVERED!



THERE IT IS! THE LAST OF THEM! WRAPPED UP AND WAITING FOR US! WHOEVER IT WAS THAT BEAT US TO THESE HOUSES SURE DID A JOB!

ONLY ONE GUY COULDA DONE IT — THE FIREFLY!

BLOOD, BLOOD!



MEANWHILE JOAN AWAITS THE FIREFLY'S RETURN

I WISH HE'D COME SOON! WITH THE MUMMY AT LARGE, I'M FRANKLY SCARED!



A SUDDEN RATTLE AT THE WINDOW—AND THE FRIGHTFUL FIGURE OF THE MUMMY

HA, HA! SO YOU ARE FRIGHTENED OF THE MUMMY, EH?

HELP!

GOOD! SHE'S FAINTED! SHE'LL BE LESS TROUBLE-SOME!



JOAN! JOAN! SHE'S GONE! THERE ARE SIGNS OF STRUGGLE! THE MUMMY MUST HAVE BEEN HERE!



HE WANTS JOAN FOR HIS QUEEN IN THE NEW DYNASTY HE INTENDS TO ESTABLISH. HE'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE MUSEUM TO GET THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN CROWN AND THAT'S WHERE THE FIREFLY IS GOING, TOO!



THE FIREFLY HAS GUESSED RIGHT... LATER, AT THE MUSEUM



THE MUMMY!

YES, THE MUMMY! UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU!

STAND BACK! STAND BACK, I TELL YOU!

BANG! BANG!



THE GUARD PAYS WITH HIS LIFE FOR HIS BRAVERY. ON HIS FOREHEAD THE MARK OF THE MUMMY—A BEETLE







BUT THE FIREFLY'S FIRST CONCERN IS FOR JOAN—



THE CHASE BEGINS.— UP THE WALL THE MUMMY CLIMBS TO THE ROOM ABOVE



BUT THE *FIREFLY* HAS ANOTHER TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE. AN UPWARD KICK AND.....



...THE BAND-AGED RELIC HURTLES BACKWARD LIKE A SHOT FROM A PROJECTILE



AGAIN THE *MUMMY* RUNS, BUT THIS TIME.....

I'LL JUST BORROW THIS BOW AND ARROW FROM ONE OF THESE MUSEUM INDIANS!



THE ARROW PINS THE MUMMY TO THE WALL

HAVE YOURSELF A NAP, MUMMY!

UGH!



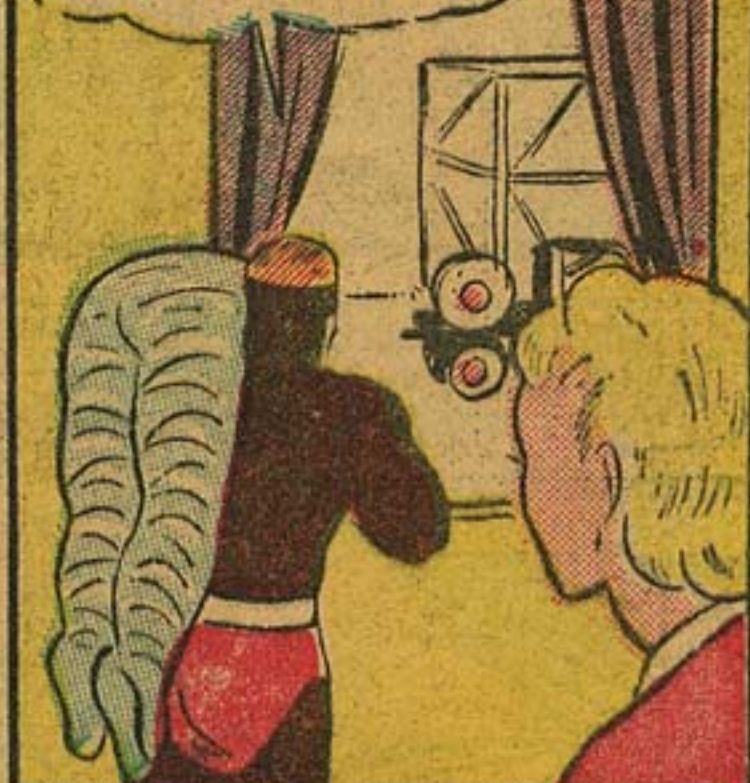
THE *FIREFLY* RETURNS TO THE WAITING JOAN

*FIREFLY!* YOU'VE CAPTURED HIM AT LAST!

YES! AND THIS TIME I'LL MAKE SURE HE DOES NOT PLAGUE US AGAIN!



SEE! THEY'RE DIGGING UP THE STREET, AND A CEMENT MIXER IS THERE! I'LL FIX UP A COFFIN FOR THE MUMMY THAT HE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF!



THERE! NOW WHEN THE CEMENT HARDENS, WE'LL TAKE THE CAKE DOWN TO THE RIVER!



THE *FIREFLY'S* MIGHTY MUSCLES BULGE WITH THE STRAIN OF THE DEAD WEIGHT

UGH! IT'S HEAVY! BUT I CAN MAKE IT!



AND THAT'S THE LAST OF THE MUMMY!

HE'LL NEVER ESCAPE FROM THIS GRAVE!



THE *FIREFLY* MEETS UP WITH HIS MOST WORTHY OPPONENT YET, "BULLET-HEAD" IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH COMICS!



# THE ST. LOUIS KID



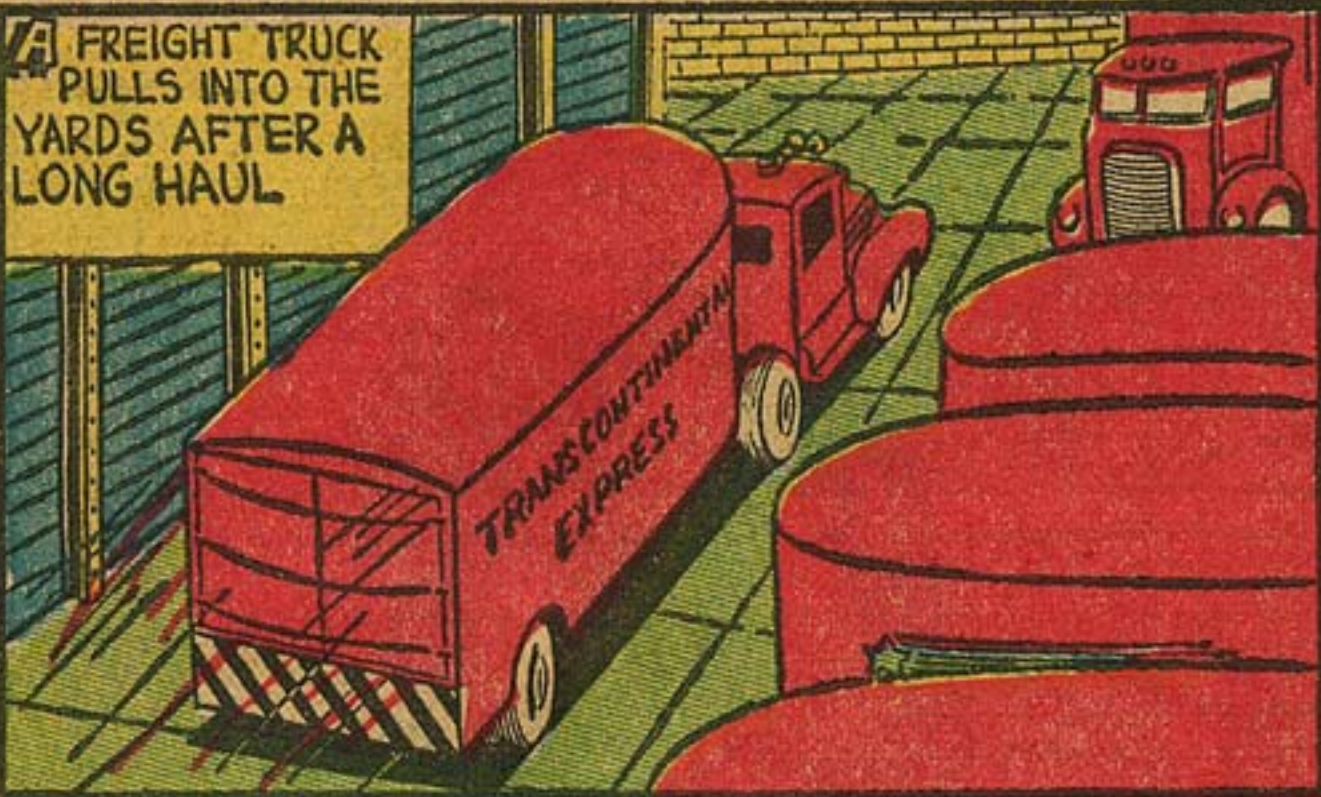
OUR STORY BEGINS IN CHICAGO. OUR HERO IS JIM JENNINGS, A TRUCK DRIVER, BRED IN THE SLUMS OF ST. LOUIS WHERE HE HAD TO TALK WITH HIS FISTS, OR ELSE. A SCRAPPER TO THE BONE IS THE ST. LOUIS KID. BUT A SQUARE SHOOTER AND A REGULAR GUY.

BY HARRY SHORTEN AND LIN. STREETER



HERE WE SEE THE ST. LOUIS KID WITH HIS FUTURE MANAGER, WINDY MILL, AND THE GIRL HE THINKS HE LOVES, FLOSSIE

A FREIGHT TRUCK PULLS INTO THE YARDS AFTER A LONG HAUL

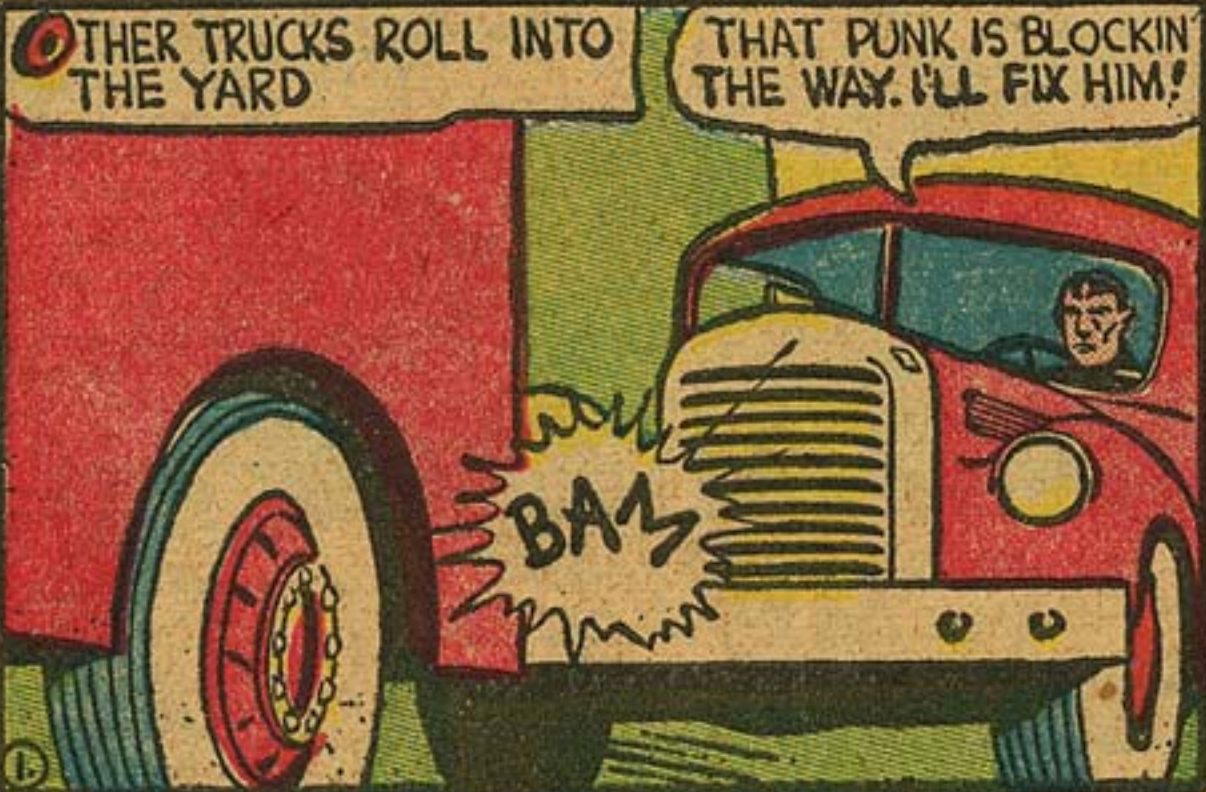


OKAY, JOE, I'LL CHECK IN!



YEAH, JIM! I'LL PARK THE LOAD!

OTHER TRUCKS ROLL INTO THE YARD



THAT PUNK IS BLOCKING THE WAY. I'LL FIX HIM!



HEY, BEEF! WHATSA IDEA?

CLAM UP, SQUIRT! BEEF MC GLOWN DOES WHAT HE WANTS AROUND HERE!



AND IN THE DISPATCHER'S OFFICE...

JIM JENNINGS CHECKIN' IN, AND HEY! SOUNDS LIKE A FIGHT!

TRY TO QUIET THEM, JIM!



THE DISPATCHER'S RIGHT! THE BOYS ARE LIABLE TO GET IN TROUBLE, FIGHTIN' IN THE YARDS!



THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO GIVE ME ANY LIP!



HOW ABOUT PICKIN' ON A GUY YOUR SIZE, MC GLOWN

WHAT IN...

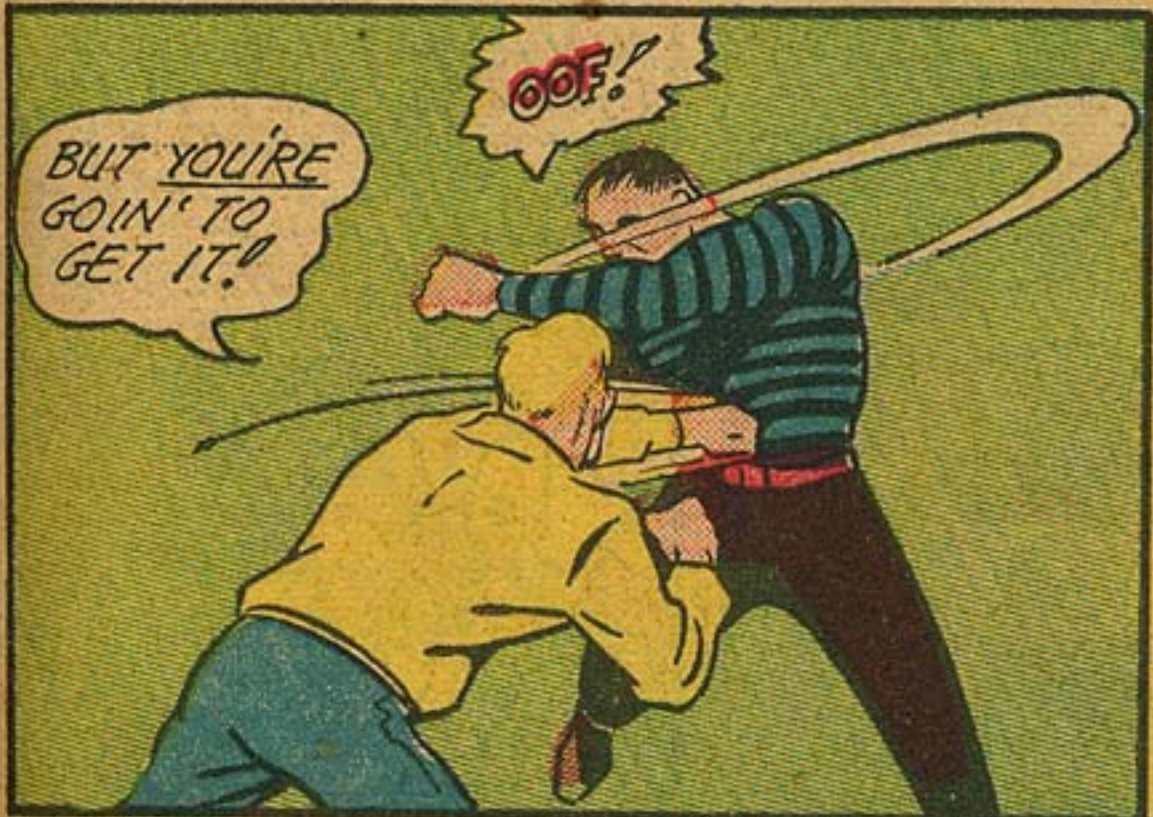
DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!



ANOTHER WISE GUY, HUH? YOU ASKED FOR IT!

SMACK HIS EARS OFF, JIM!

YEAH! I ASKED FOR IT!



BUT YOU'RE GOIN' TO GET IT!

OOOF!



MISSED!

I'LL TEAR YUH TO PIECES! I'LL MURDER YOU! WUUFF!



MISSED AGAIN! I'M TIRED PLAYIN' WITH YOU. NOW, I THINK I'LL POLISH YOU OFF!



HEY! DUCK! THE BOSS IS COMIN'! HE'LL FIRE YOU BOTH!



YUH LUCKY STIFF! MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO FINISH IT TONIGHT AFTER WORK!

IT'S OKAY BY ME, BEEF! ONLY DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YUH!



SAY THAT'S GONNA BE SOME SCRAP TONIGHT! MY DOUGH'S ON JIM!

FIGHT, HUH?



I GOT NUTTIN' BETTER TO DO. MIGHT BE WORTH WHILE WATCHIN' TH' TRUCK DRIVERS MAUL EACH OTHER.



THAT NIGHT THE STAGE IS SET.



NOW YUH GET YOURS, YOU DIRTY...

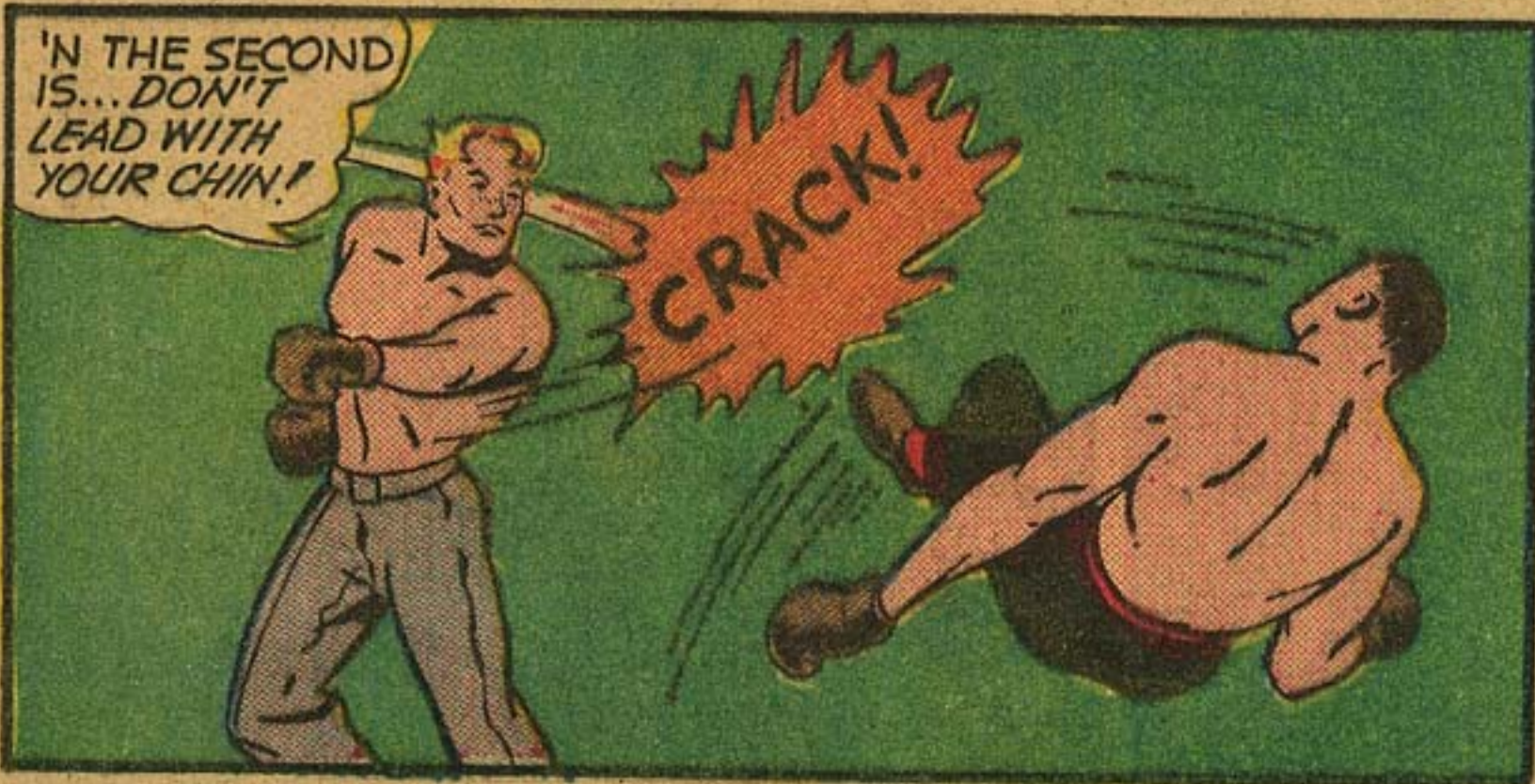
BOY, YOU SURE LOOK ANXIOUS!



I'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO FIGHT IN TWO LESSONS!

UNNKK!

HERE'S TH' FIRST... DON'T LEAD WITH YOUR RIGHT!



'N THE SECOND IS... DON'T LEAD WITH YOUR CHIN!

CRACK!



HAW HAW! BEEF MC GLOWN, THE BULLY OF THE YARDS, KAYOED WITH TWO PUNCHES! NICE GOIN', JIM!

HOORAY!

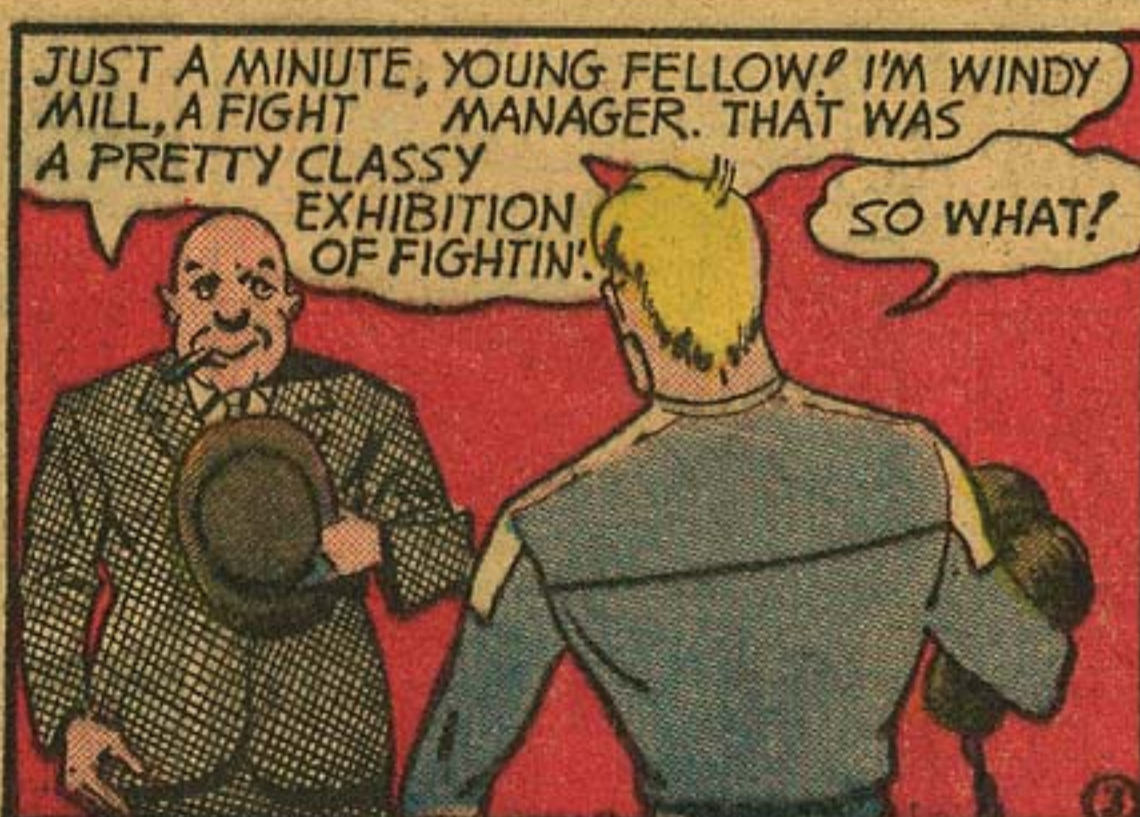


WOW! IS HE OUT COLD!

YEAH! HE'S STIFFER THAN A PLASTER CAST!

GEE! THANKS FOR TAKIN' MY PART, JIM!

THAT'S OKAY, PEE WEE!



JUST A MINUTE, YOUNG FELLOW! I'M WINDY MILL, A FIGHT MANAGER. THAT WAS A PRETTY CLASSY EXHIBITION OF FIGHTIN'!

SO WHAT!



SO MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO FIGHT PRO. I COULD MAKE A CHAMPION OUT OF YOU.

NOT A CHANCE! I'M NO SUCKER!



I GOT A GOOD JOB HERE. I AIN'T GOIN' TO GIVE IT UP TO BECOME A PUNCH DRUNK PUG, NO SIR.

WELL, HERE'S MY CARD IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND.



LATER, JIM GOES TO CALL ON HIS GIRL.

ME A FIGHTER! HAW! HAW! FLOSSIE WILL SURE GET A LAUGH OUT OF THAT



FLOSSIE! I GOT SOMETHIN' TO TELL YA. I...

I'M NOT INTERESTED!



HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF GIVIN' ME THE SNOOT?

I'M FED UP WITH YOU, JIM. YOU'VE GOT NO AMBITION! YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A TRUCK DRIVER! ME! I GOT A CAREER!



WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

IT'S ABOUT US. WE'RE THROUGH! I JUST GOT AN OFFER TO GO INTO A SHOW, AND I'M TAKING IT! I'M NOT GOING TO BE TIED DOWN BY A... A... TRUCK DRIVER!



OKAY! IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, GOODBYE!

GOODBYE!



DAMES! I'M THROUGH WITH 'EM! IMAGINE TALKIN' THAT WAY ABOUT ME!



SAY! I GOT AN IDEA! THAT FIGHT MANAGER, I STILL GOT HIS CARD!



NO AMBITION, HUH! I'LL SHOW HER! MY NAME'LL BE IN HEADLINES WHILE SHE'S STILL A CHORUS HOOFER!

MEANWHILE—AT A LOCAL ARENA

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO MY BOY, IKE. HE MUSTA TAKEN A RUNOUT.

WHAT? HE'S SUPPOSED TO FIGHT IN FIVE MINUTES, WINDY! THE CROWD'LL TEAR THIS PLACE DOWN!

HELLO, MR. MILL! THE GIRL IN YOUR OFFICE TOLD ME I'D FIND YOU HERE!

HEY! YOU'RE THAT TRUCK DRIVER. CHANGED YOUR MIND, HUH? READY TO FIGHT RIGHT AWAY?

THE SOONER THE BETTER, MR. MILL!

OKAY! GET INTO YOUR TRUNKS! BUT I WARN YOU, YOU'RE FIGHTIN' A TOUGH BABY!

HE DON'T SCARE ME!

WINDY! YOU CAN'T DO IT! WE GOTTA TAKE OUR CHANCES, IKE! THE KID WILL PROBABLY BE KAYOED IN A HURRY AND HE WON'T BE HURT BAD!

THE FIGHT IS ABOUT TO BEGIN

BREAK CLEAN! NO PUNCHING ON THE BREAK!

HAW, HAW! HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS, PUNK!

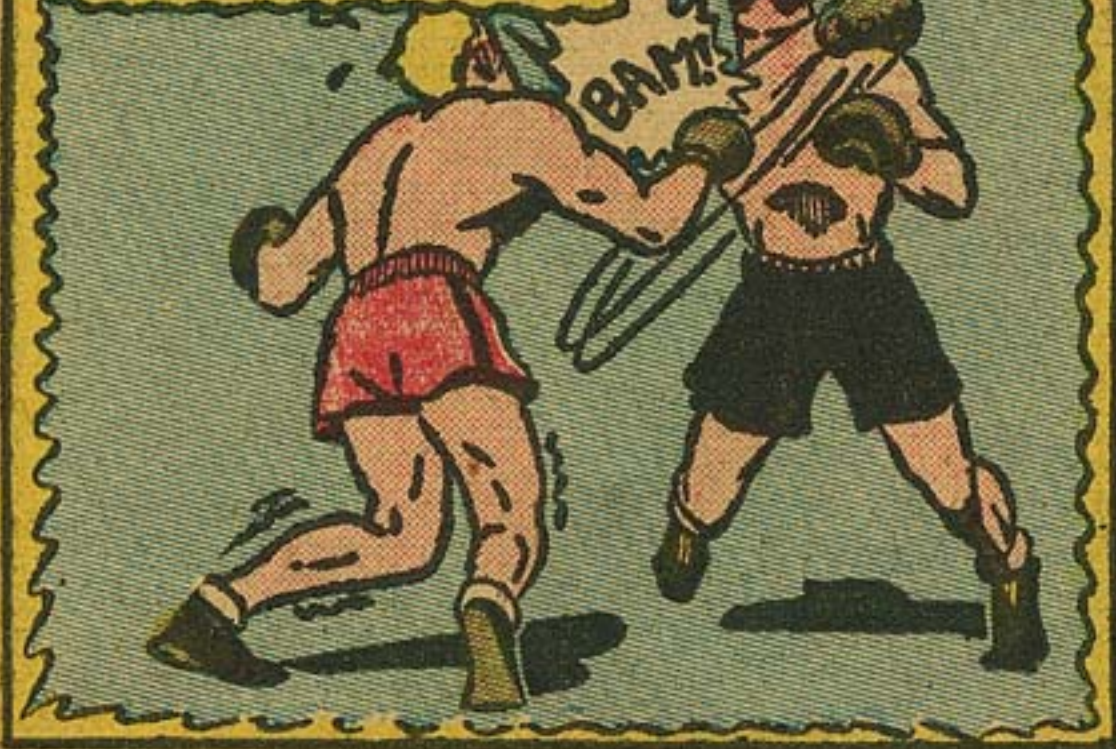
WHO'S A PUNK, YA BIG BLUBBERHEAD?

NOW KEEP AWAY FROM HIM, JIM! HE'S GOT A MURDEROUS RIGHT, AND...

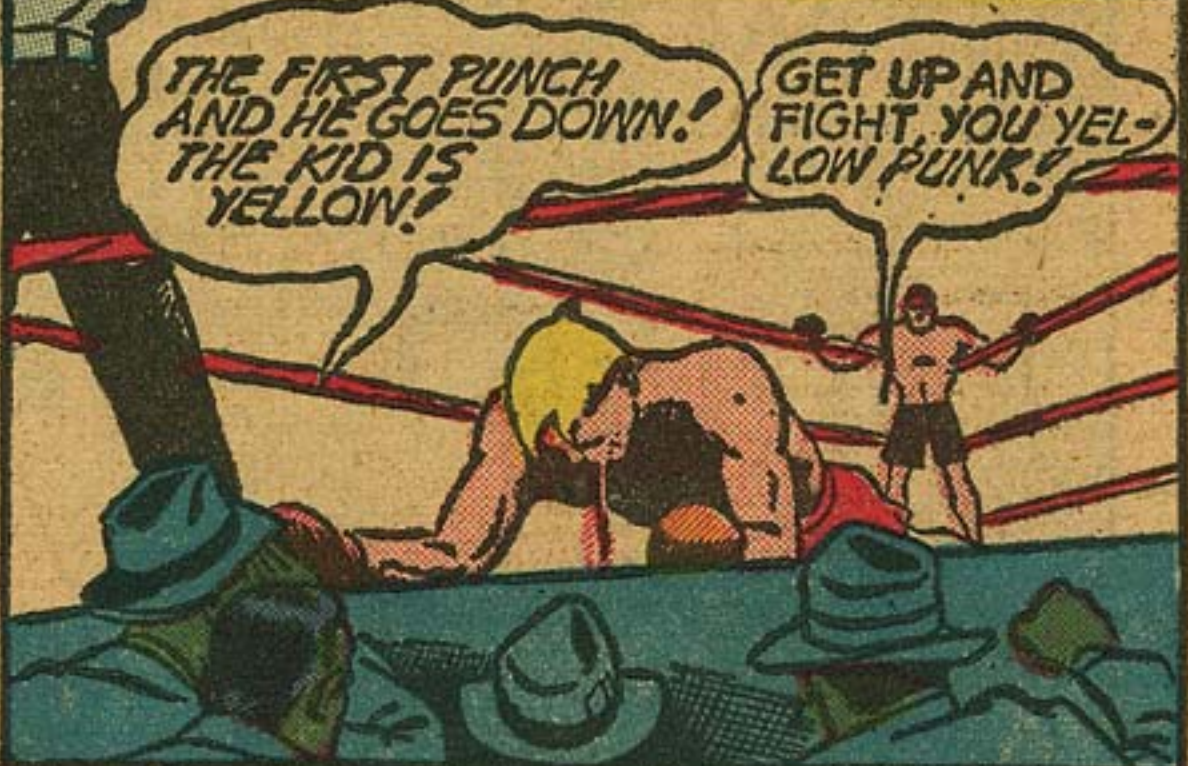
DON'T WORRY, MR. MILL. HE'S FAT BETWEEN THE EARS! I'LL HANDLE HIM OKAY!

THE FIGHT IS ON

**THE BUTCHER'S RIGHT FLASHES THROUGH IN A MURDEROUS ARC.**



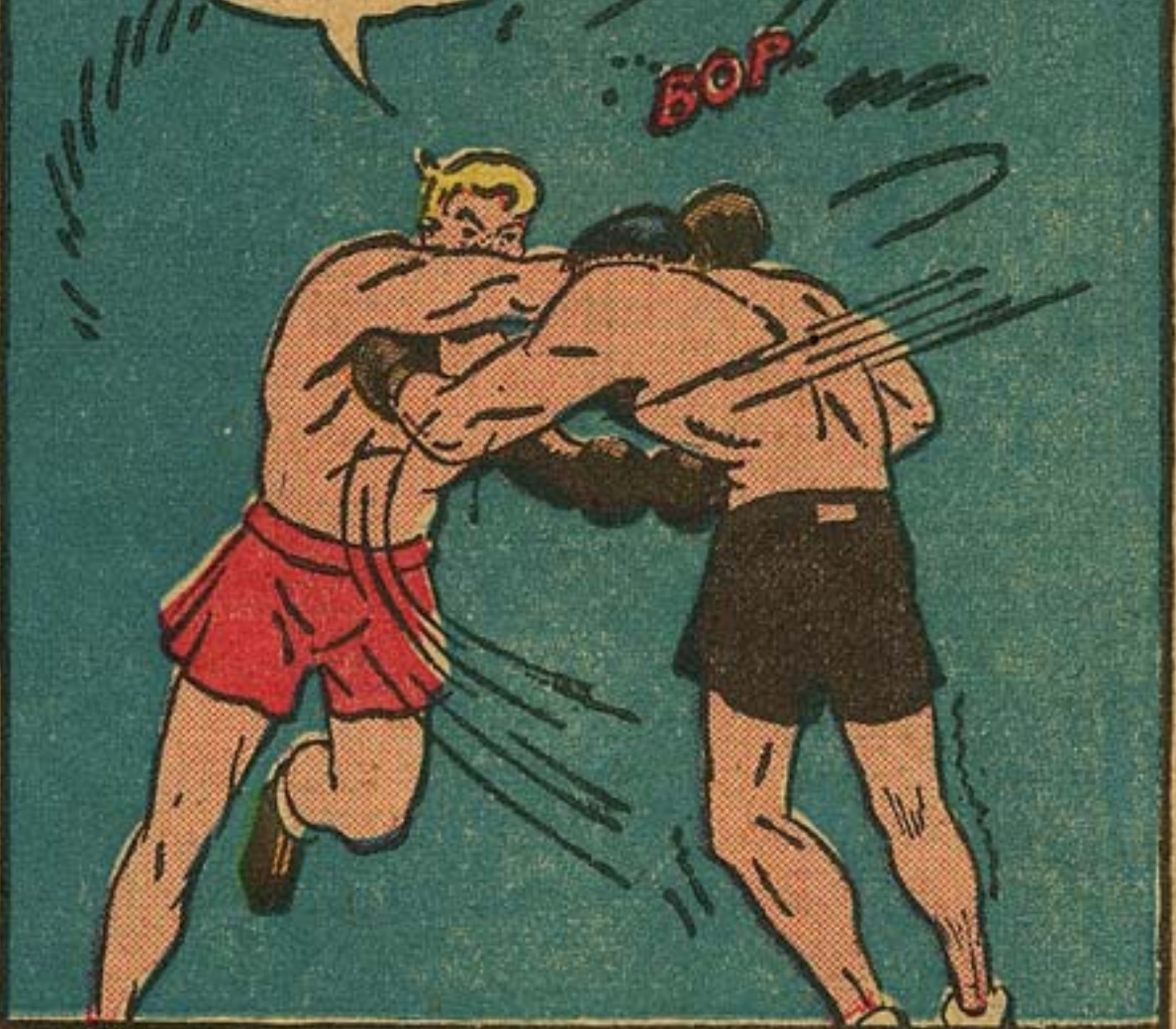
**-AND IT LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE FIGHT.**



**THE FANS' REMARKS PIERCE THROUGH THE ST. LOUIS KID'S BEFOGGED BRAIN, AND HE GETS UP, SPITTING BLOOD.**



**I'LL SHOW 'EM WHO'S YELLOW!**



**GULP, LOOK AT THE KID GO!!**



**5-6-7... AW, WHAT'S THE USE OF COUNTIN' HE'S OUT COLDER THAN AN ESKIMO IGLOO!**



**WHAT A WALLOP! I NEVER SEEN NUTTIN' LIKE IT! WHERE YOU FROM, JIM?**



**ST. LOUIS!**

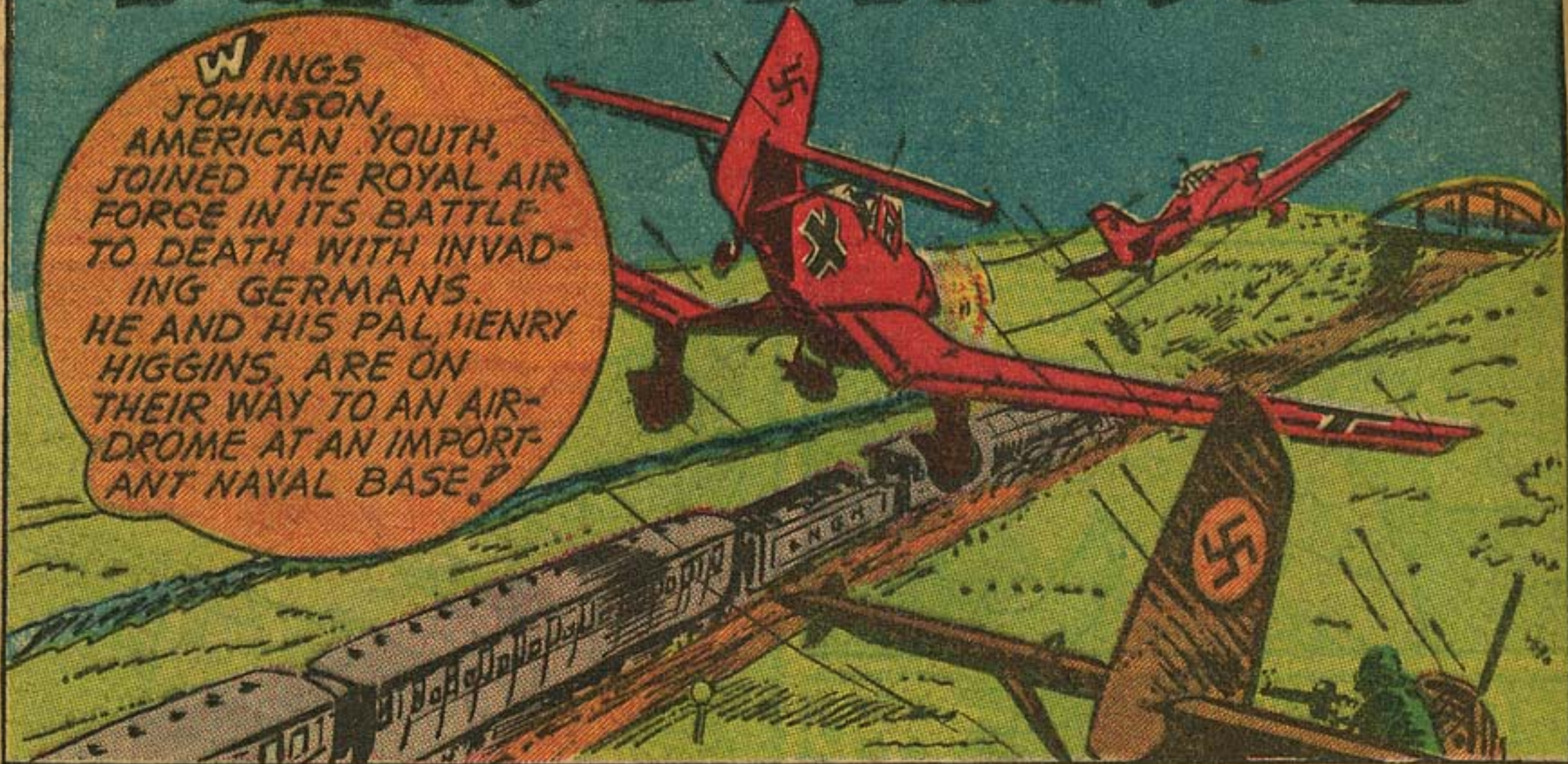


**IS THE ST. LOUIS KID A CHAMP IN THE MAKING? WILL WINDY MILL KEEP HIS PROMISE? YOU'LL FIND THE ANSWERS IN ONLY ONE MAGAZINE - TOP NOTCH!**



# WINGS JOHNSON OF THE AIR PATROL

**W**INGS JOHNSON, AMERICAN YOUTH, JOINED THE ROYAL AIR FORCE IN ITS BATTLE TO DEATH WITH INVADING GERMANS. HE AND HIS PAL, HENRY HIGGINS, ARE ON THEIR WAY TO AN AIR-DROME AT AN IMPORTANT NAVAL BASE.



**I**N WINGS' COMPARTMENT.

HENRY! LISTEN! IT'S AN AIR RAID!

I WONDER WHO THEY'RE ATTACKIN' WINGSIE?



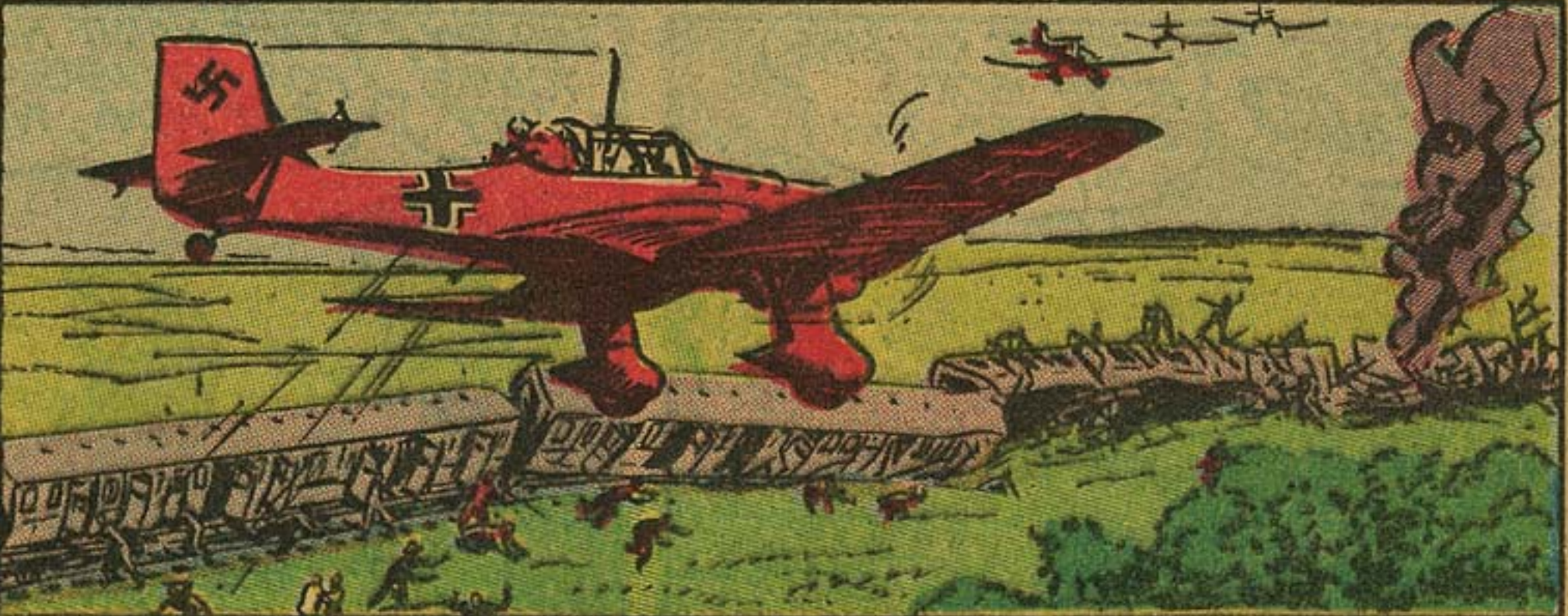
WHAT DO YOU MEAN - YOU WONDER WHO THEY'RE ATTACKING?

LORD LOVE A DUCK! IT'S US THEY'RE AFTER!

**A** BOMBER MAKES A DIRECT HIT ON THE ENGINE!



**A**  
NAZI  
ATTEMPTS  
TO  
MACHINE-  
GUN  
THE  
PASS-  
ENGERS!





I SAY THERE!  
WHAT'S -  
OOOF!

BAH! SAVE YOUR  
BREATH AND GIFF  
ME DESE  
DISPATCHES!



THE ATTACKER SLAPS A CHLOROFORM  
SOAKED HANDKERCHIEF TO THE  
GIRL'S FACE!

HELP!



LOOK OUT,  
HENRY! HE'S  
GOT A GUN!

PHOOEY ON HIM!  
H'I'VE GOT A  
BLASTED GUN  
MYSELF!



HENRY!  
YOU'RE  
HIT!

THIS HAIN'T NO TIME  
FOR CONVERSATION!  
GET HIM, WINGSIE!



STOP  
OR I'LL  
SHOOT!



H'I GUESS H'I  
'AVE ONE GOOD  
SHOT LEFT IN  
ME YET!

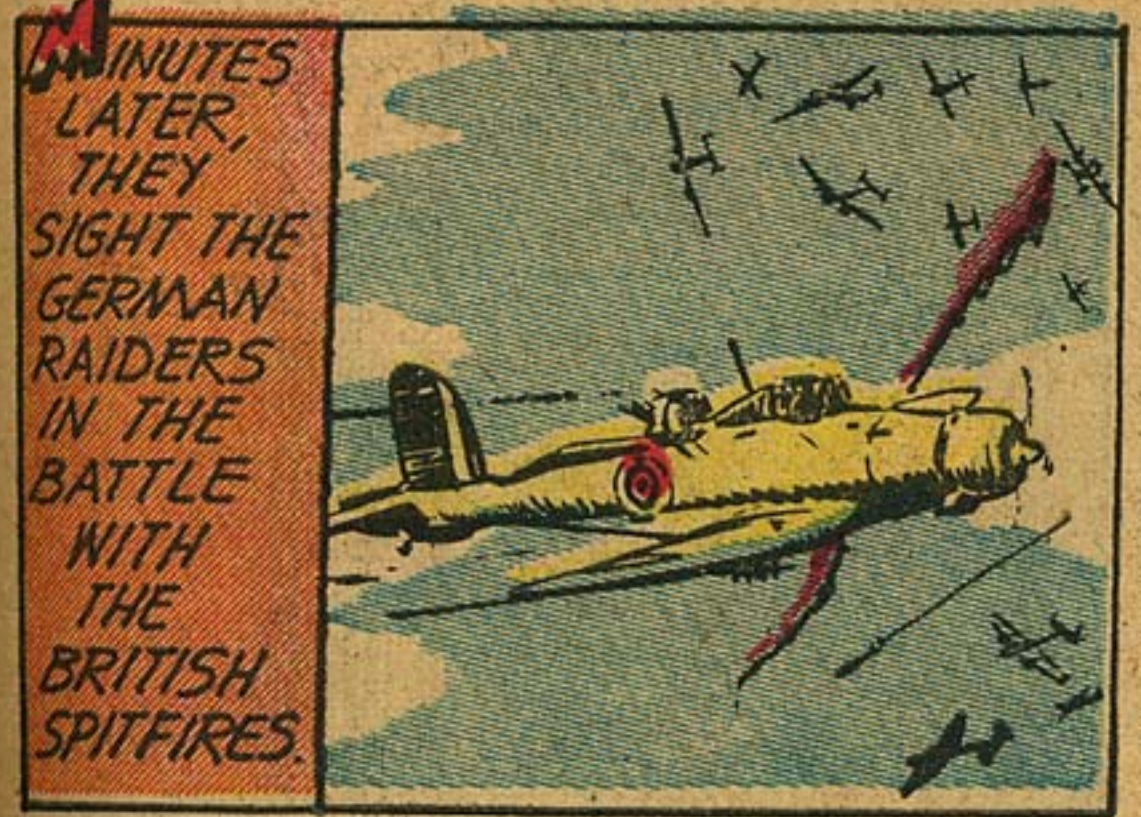
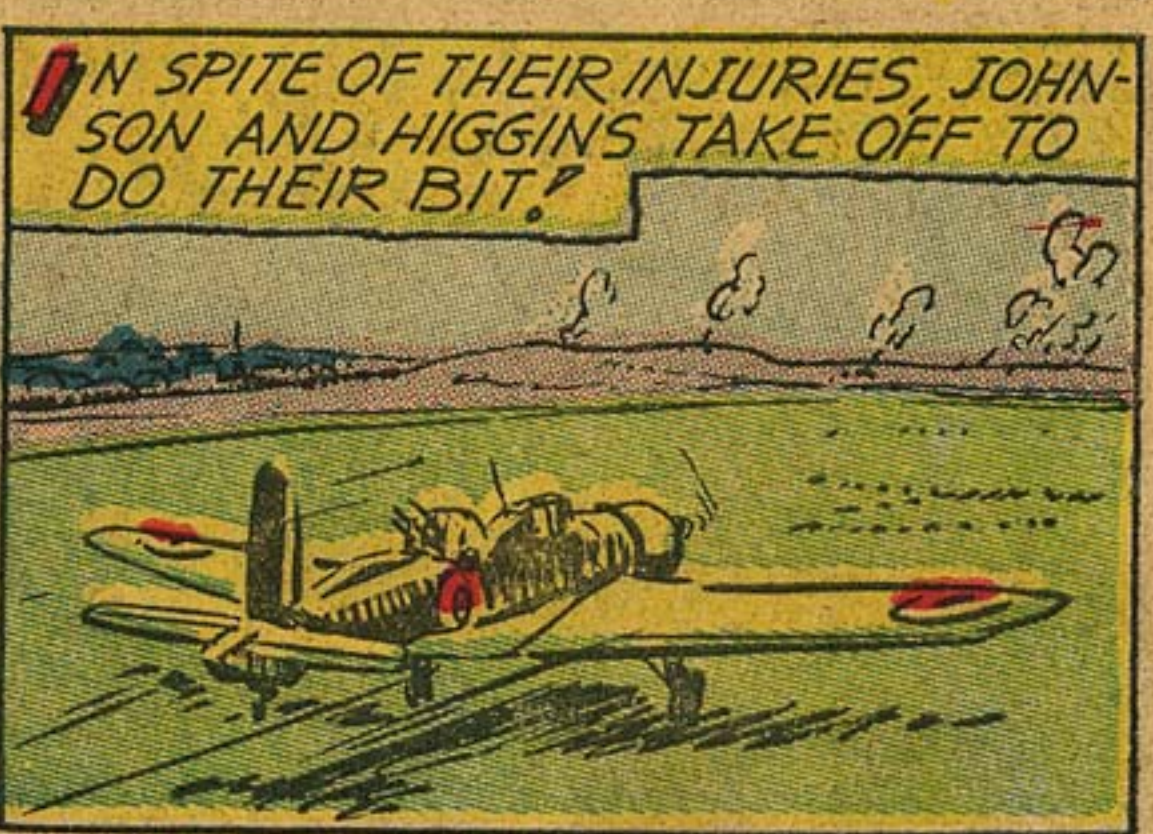


NOW I'VE GOT  
YOU? - OW!  
I'VE BEEN  
HIT!

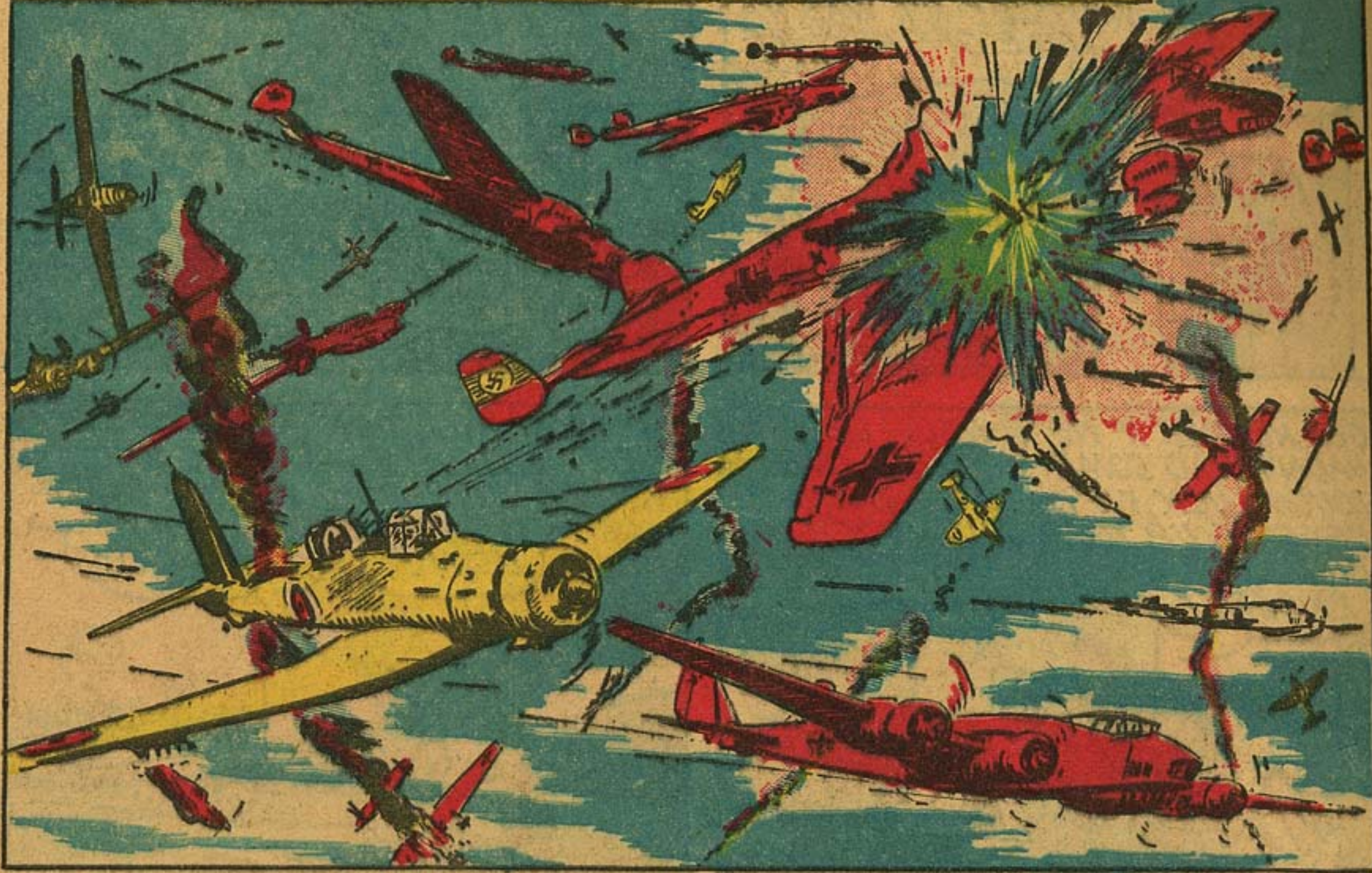
HENRY'S  
BULLET  
GOES  
ASTRAY  
AND  
CLIPS  
WINGS  
ON  
THE  
LEG!

AS  
WINGS  
FALLS,  
THE  
MYSTER-  
IOUS  
ATTACK-  
ER  
MAKES  
HIS  
ESCAPE!

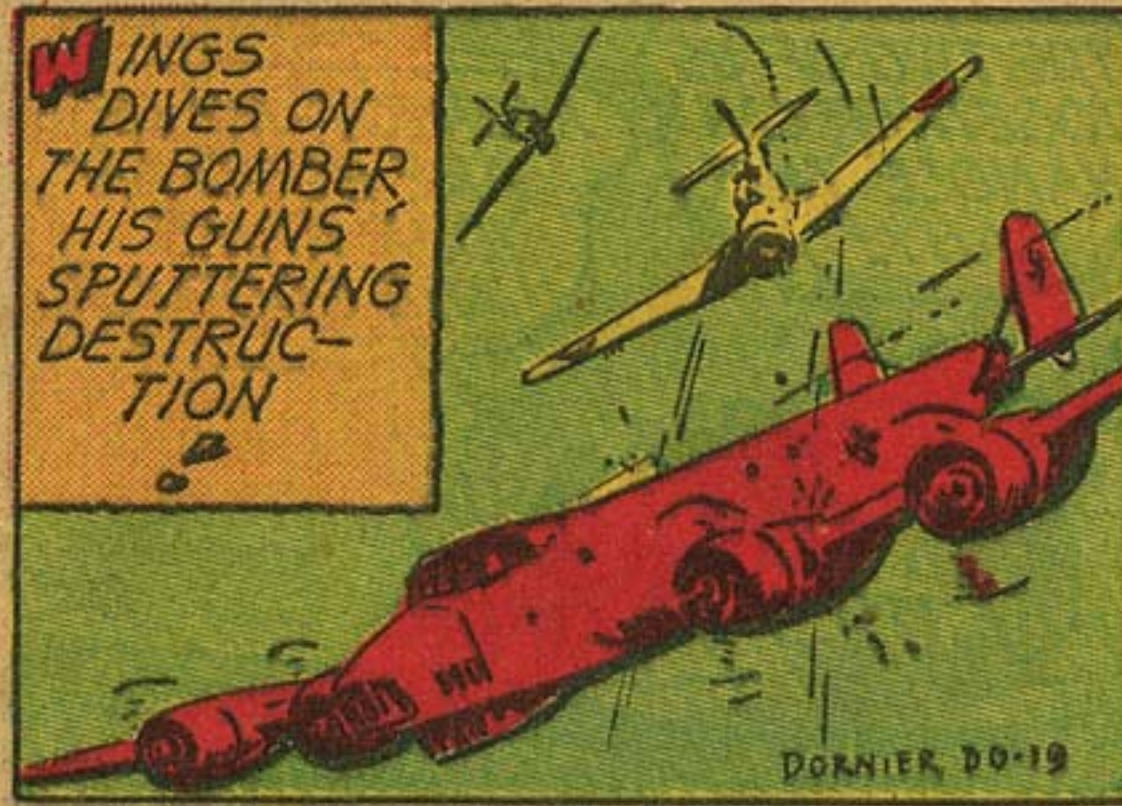




**T**HE SKIES BECOME A BATTLE-TORN INFERNO AS WINGS AND HENRY BLAST A DORNIER D.O. 17 TO ETERNITY!



HEY! ONE OF THOSE NAZI BOMBERS IS GETTING AWAY TOWARD THE NAVAL BASE! LET'S GET HIM!



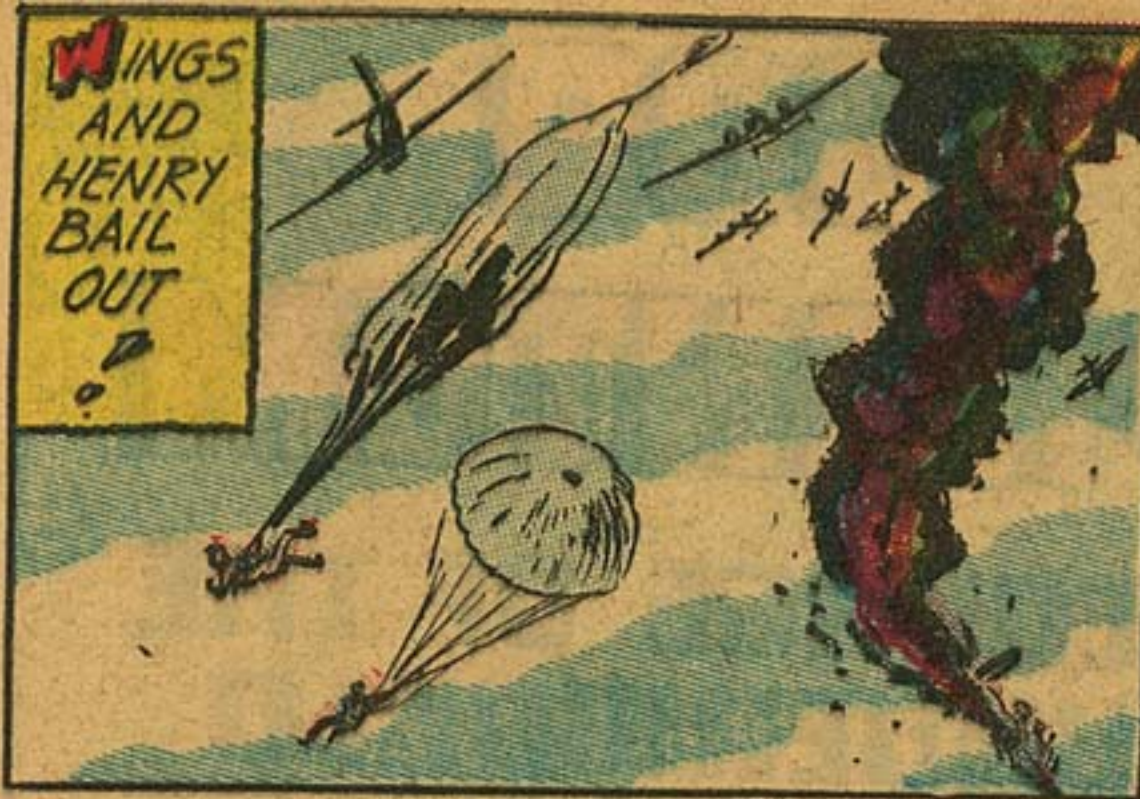
WINGS DIVES ON THE BOMBER, HIS GUNS SPATTERING DESTRUCTION!



**B**UT A BRITISH HURRICANE SUDDENLY ATTACKS JOHNSON'S SHIP.



WINGS REFUSES TO FIRE ON A BRITISH PLANE, AND HIS OWN SHIP IS HIT BY THE SLUGS FROM THE HURRICANE!



**WINGS AND HENRY BAIL OUT!**



**THEY LAND SAFELY NEAR THE NAVAL BASE.**



DID ANYBODY SEE WHO BROUGHT US DOWN?

NO! WHY?

BLIGH ME! IT WAS A HURR -



IT WAS A HURRICANE, WERE YOU SAYING?

**NO!** HE WAS JUST GOING TO SAY IT WAS ONE OF HERR GOERING'S SHIPS!... TAKE ME TO THE C.O.



**WINGS AND HENRY ARE TAKEN TO THE COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE NAVAL BASE.**

I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR! BUT HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU BEFORE?

YES! I WAS ATTACKED BY A SPY ON THE TRAIN. YOU AN' HIGGINS HERE TRIED TO CATCH THE CULPRIT!



WELL, EVIDENTLY, THERE'S MORE THAN ONE SPY AROUND HERE! WE WERE JUST SHOT DOWN BY A BRITISH HURRICANE WHEN WE TRIED TO ATTACK A GERMAN BOMBER!



I MAY AS WELL TELL YOU THAT THAT'S WHY YOU TWO WERE TRANSFERRED HERE! SOMEONE IS TIPPING OFF THE RAIDERS TO EVERYTHING WE DO!



HE MUST SAY WE 'AVEN'T MADE A VERY GOOD START!

BUT WE MUST CATCH THEM! IF WE DON'T, IT MAY GIVE HITLER THE OPENING HE WANTS TO START AN INVASION!

**WINGS JOHNSON AND HIS PAL ARE IN THE THICK OF A SPY PLOT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH COMICS.**



# BOB PHANTOM

## SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD



UH, UH! PADDY!  
NOT THAT  
MOVE!

IT'S THAT !! O.K.!!  
S! R! R! R! R!  
COLUMNIST -  
WALT WHITNEY!



WELL, WELL! LOOK  
AT OUR HARD  
WORKING PO-  
LICE FORCE.??



WHADDA YOU  
SNOOPIN' AROUND  
FOR? WE'VE GOT  
NO NEWS FOR  
YOU!

TSK, TSK! SUCH  
LANGUAGE!!  
BETTER ANSWER  
YOUR PHONE...  
IT'S RINGING!?



HELLO, HELLO!  
WHAT!... A  
BURGLARY AT  
SHIFFANY'S  
JEWELRY  
STORE!??

LOOKS LIKE  
I GET SOME  
NEWS AFTER  
ALL, CHIEFY!

BERNIE



SCRAM, SNOOP!  
YOU CAN'T  
COME WITH  
US!

I CAN TAKE  
THE SUBWAY  
AND GET THERE  
FASTER!!

AND I'VE GOT  
A SURPRISE  
FOR YOU!



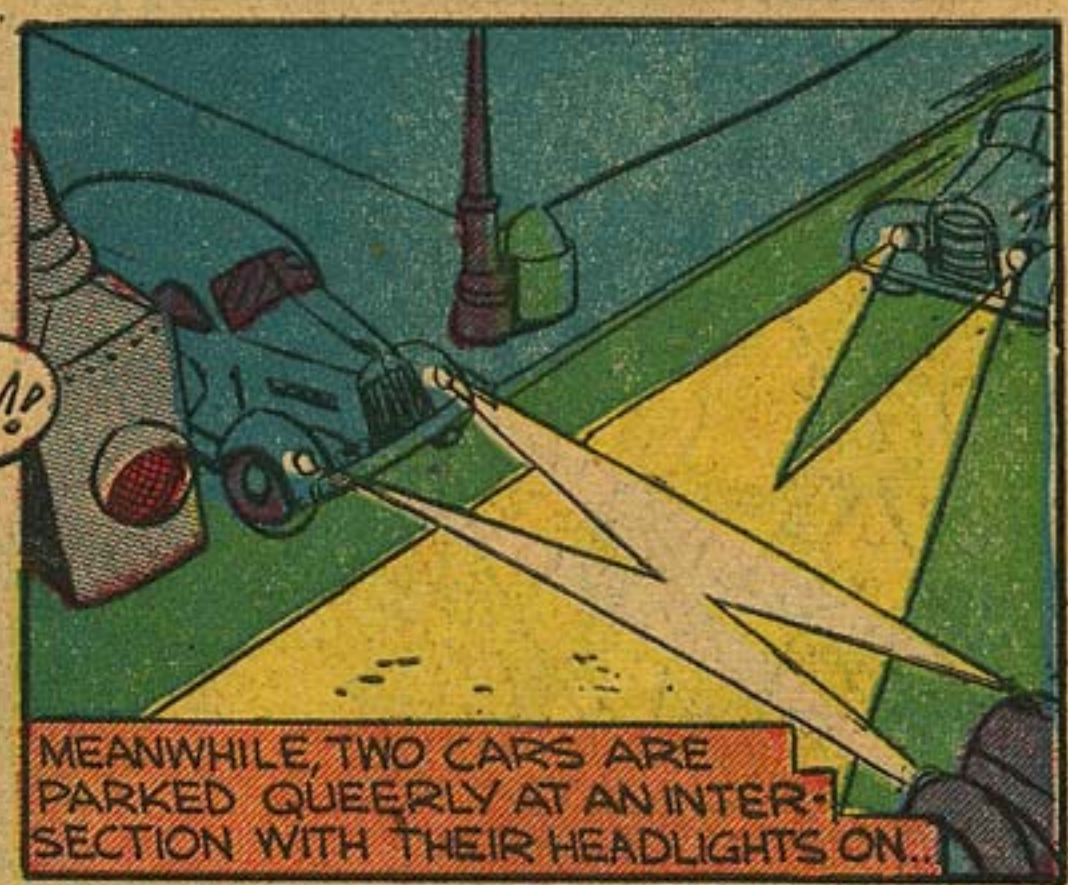
LATER... AT SHIFFANY'S JEWELRY STORE..

LOOK, CHARLIE!  
THE COPS!

LET THEM  
COME! WE HAVE  
A SURPRISE FOR  
THEM!



BOB  
PHANTOM!



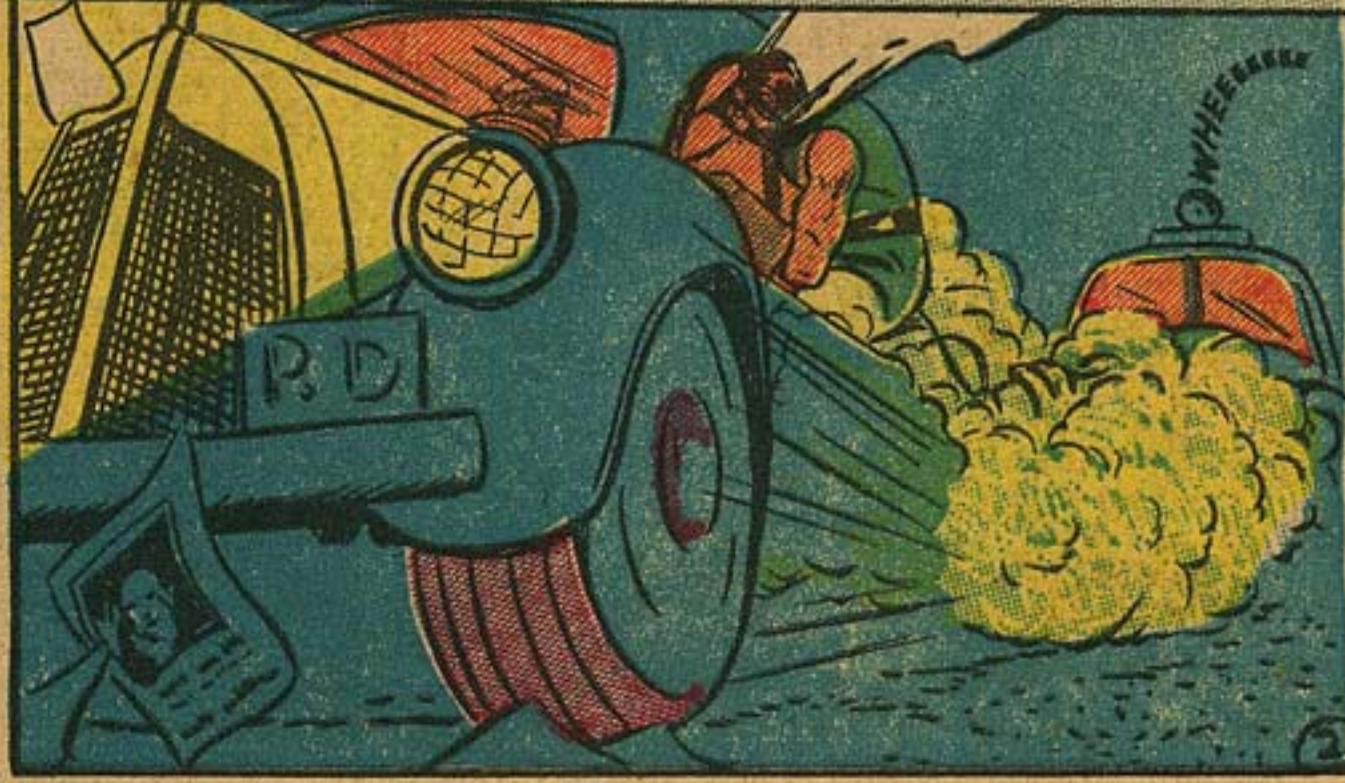
MEANWHILE, TWO CARS ARE  
PARKED QUEERLY AT AN INTER-  
SECTION WITH THEIR HEADLIGHTS ON..

THE POLICE CARS BREAK THE  
CONNECTING LIGHT BEAMS, AND..



GREAT SCOT! THOSE  
LIGHT BEAMS EX-  
PLODED WHEN THEY  
WERE BROKEN. AND  
THE CHIEF'S CAR IS  
ABOUT TO COME  
THROUGH!

BOB PHANTOM IS FORCED TO LEAVE THE  
THIEVES TO GO TO THE AID OF THE POLICE...







LOOK! IT'S THAT PHANTOM GUY! HE'S DETOURIN' THE REST OF THEM COP'S CARS!

WE DID ENOUGH DAMAGE!! LET'S SCRAM!



WELL, THEY OUTSMARTED ME THAT TIME... MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY!!

TSK, TSK!! SUCH LANGUAGE FROM AN OFFICER OF THE LAW! SO LONG...SEE YOU SOON!



BOB PHANTOM! YOU TRIED TO KILL US... YOU !! ☆ @ ! ! @ @ 4 ☆ ! ! ...



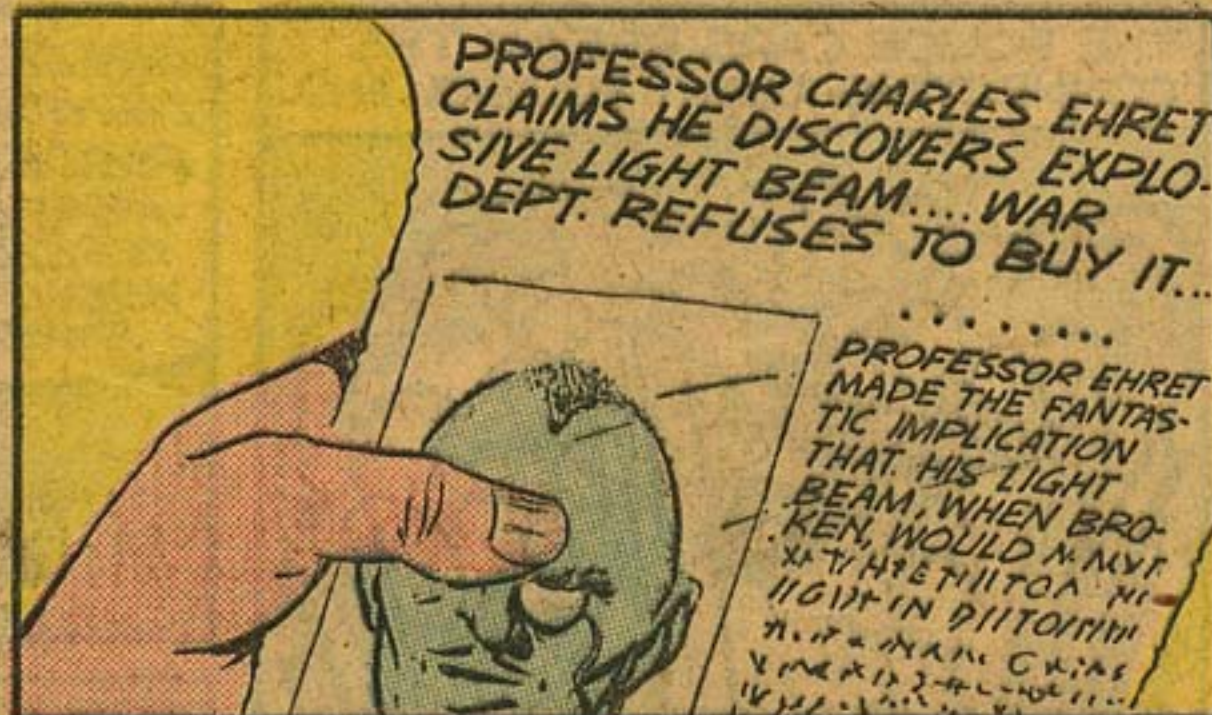
LATER, IN WHITNEY'S APARTMENT...

THAT RAY! I SEEM TO REMEMBER IT FROM SOMEWHERE! LET ME THINK...



NEXT DAY, WHITNEY HUNTS THROUGH THE NEWSPAPER FILES....

HOLY CATS! I'VE GOT IT!!



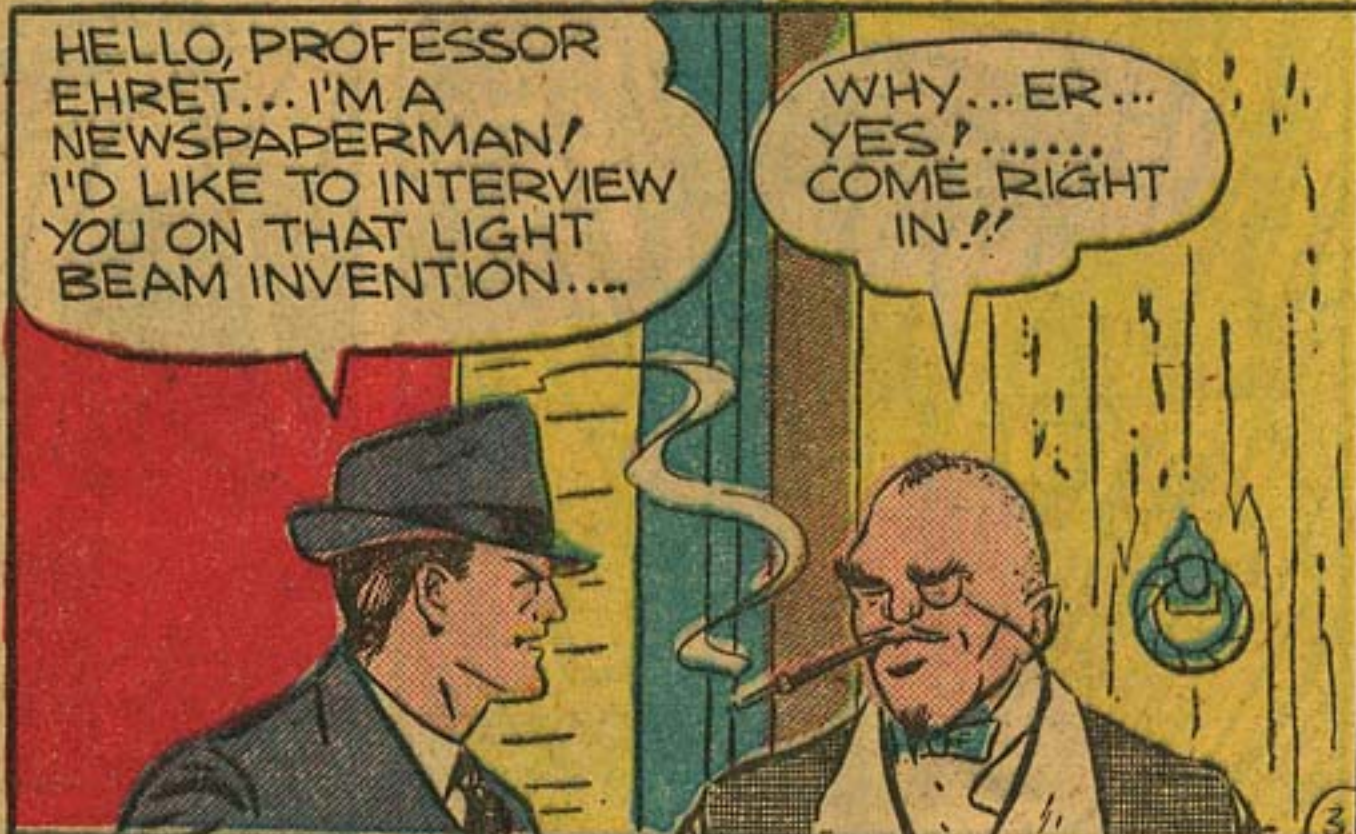
PROFESSOR CHARLES EHRET CLAIMS HE DISCOVERS EXPLOSIVE LIGHT BEAM.... WAR DEPT. REFUSES TO BUY IT...

..... PROFESSOR EHRET MADE THE FANTASTIC IMPLICATION THAT HIS LIGHT BEAM, WHEN BROKEN, WOULD DESTROY WITH THE LIGHT IN IT TOIRIN... THE NAME CHINESE... 1922...



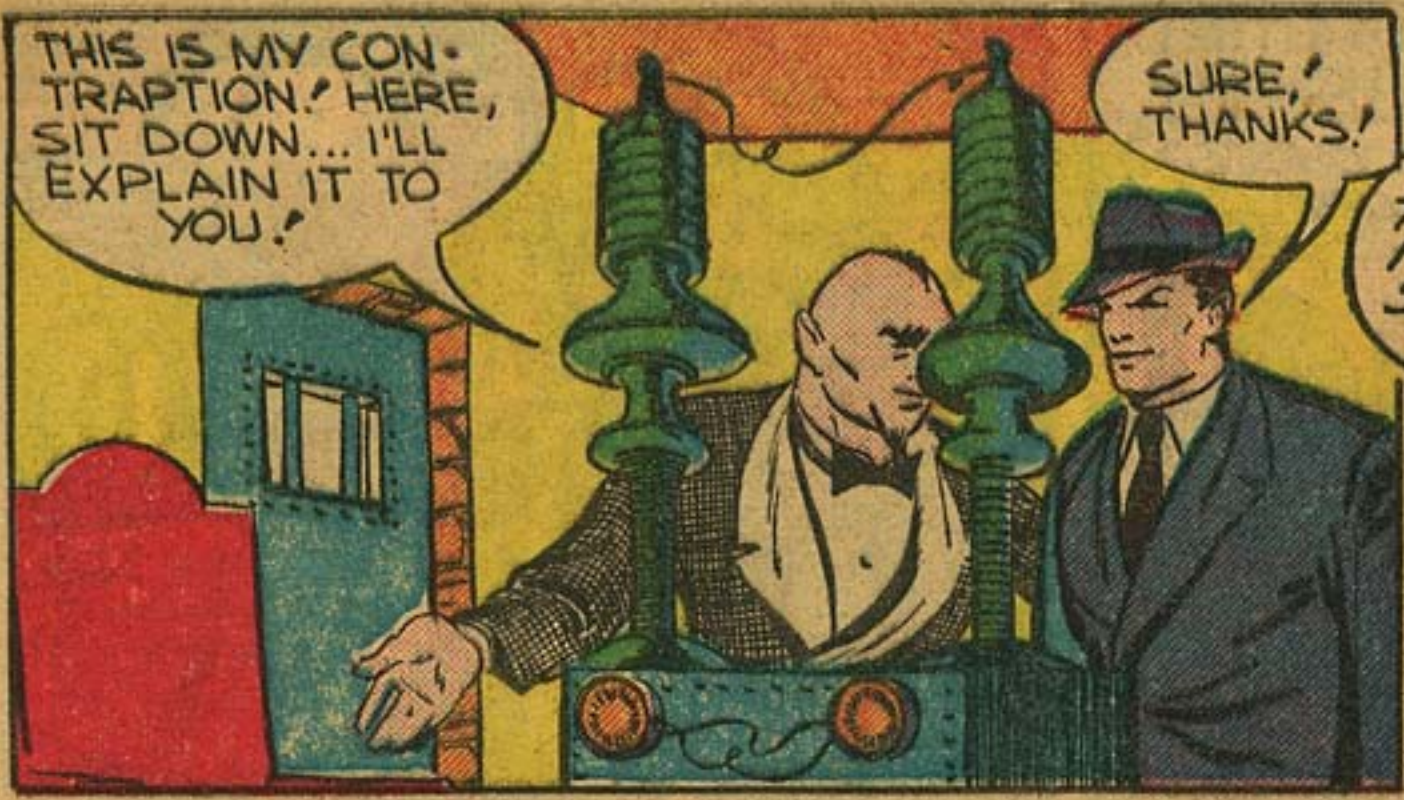
WALT PULLS UP AT THE PROFESSOR'S DOOR.....

1109 DIVISION ST., THE FILES SAID... HERE IT IS!



HELLO, PROFESSOR EHRET... I'M A NEWSPAPERMAN! I'D LIKE TO INTERVIEW YOU ON THAT LIGHT BEAM INVENTION....

WHY... ER... YES!..... COME RIGHT IN!!



THIS IS MY CONTRAPTION. HERE, SIT DOWN... I'LL EXPLAIN IT TO YOU!

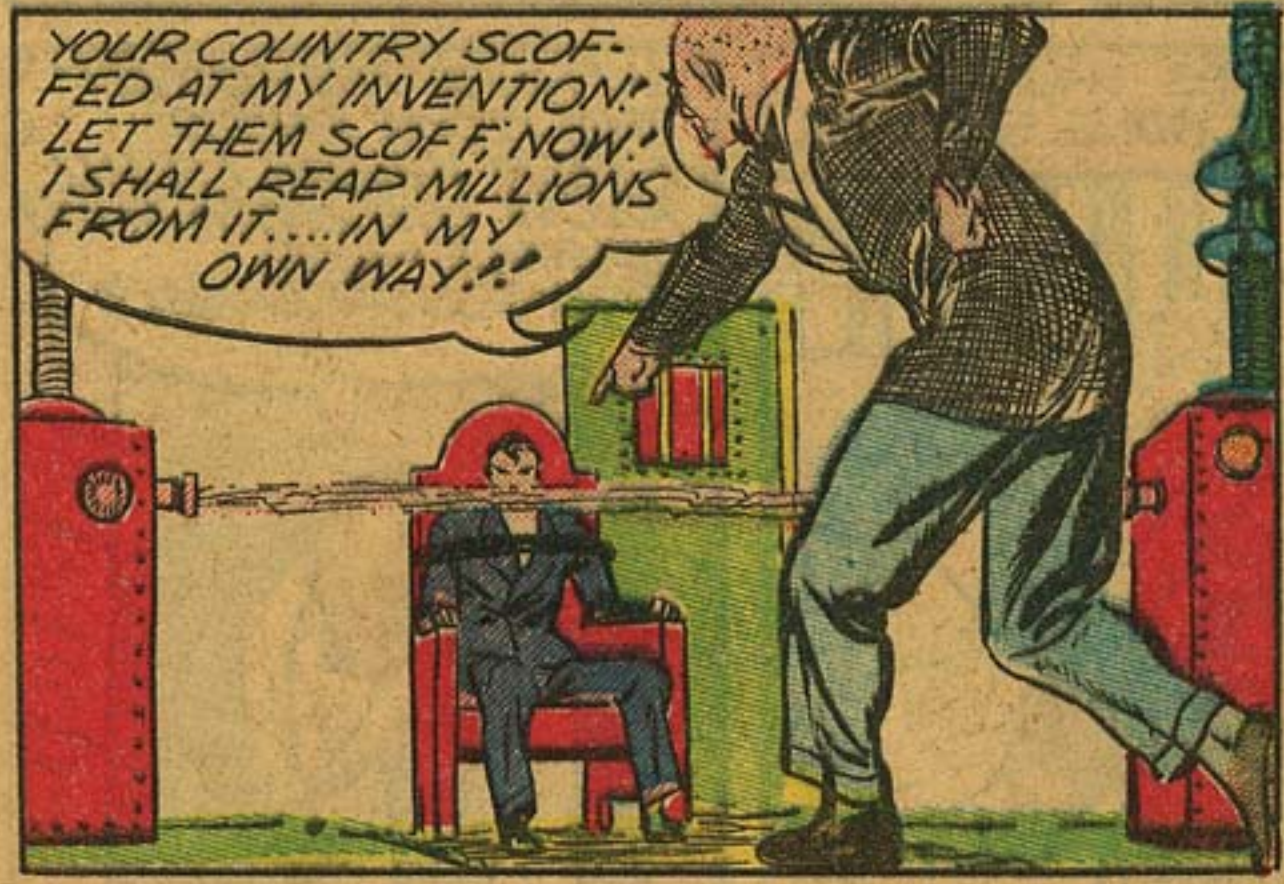
SURE, THANKS!



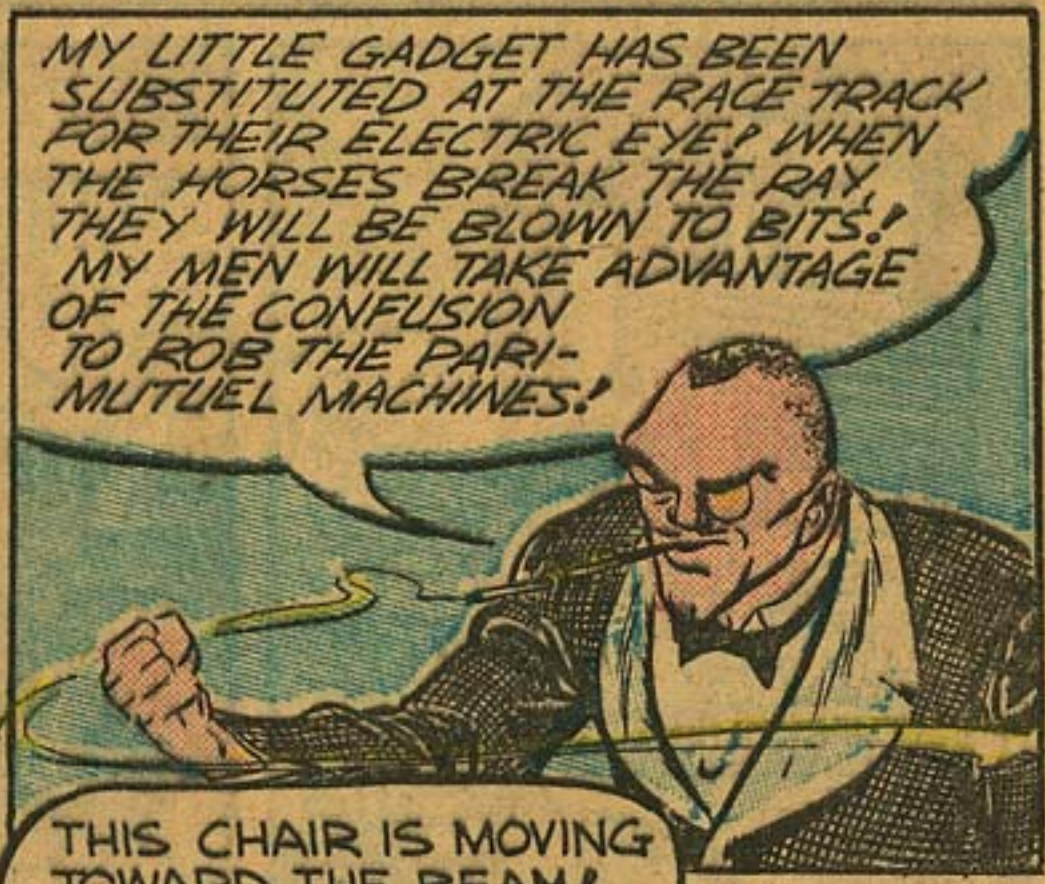
STEEL BANDS SHOOT OUT OF THE CHAIR AND TRAP WALT!

HA! HA! I THOUGHT I DIDN'T SUSPECT YOU, EH?

BOY! AM I A SUCKER!

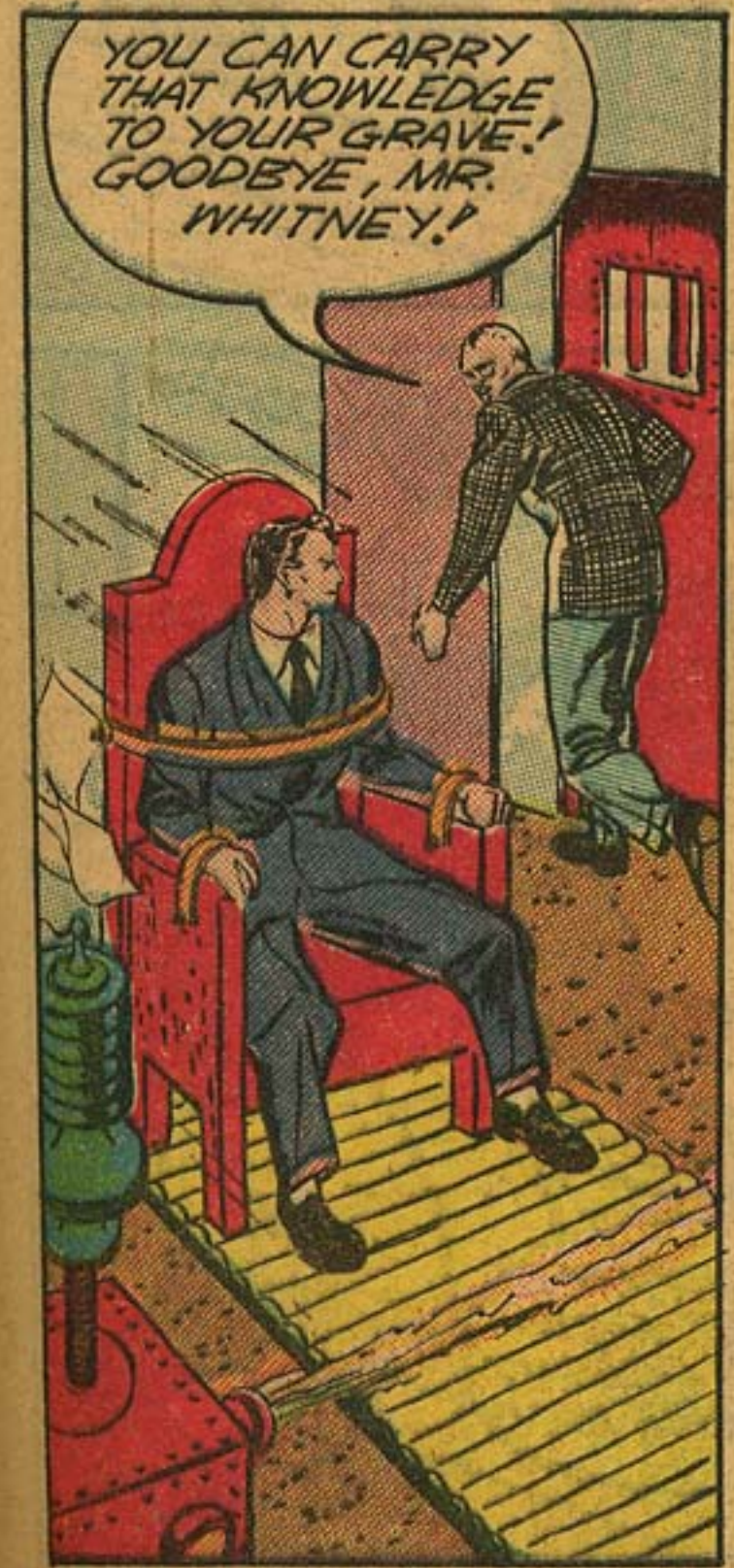


YOUR COUNTRY SCOFFED AT MY INVENTION! LET THEM SCOFF NOW! I SHALL REAP MILLIONS FROM IT... IN MY OWN WAY!?



MY LITTLE GADGET HAS BEEN SUBSTITUTED AT THE RACE TRACK FOR THEIR ELECTRIC EYE! WHEN THE HORSES BREAK THE RAY, THEY WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS! MY MEN WILL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION TO ROB THE PARI-MUTUEL MACHINES!

THIS CHAIR IS MOVING TOWARD THE BEAM! IF I CAN ONLY BREAK THE BACK OF THIS CHAIR.....



YOU CAN CARRY THAT KNOWLEDGE TO YOUR GRAVE! GOODBYE, MR. WHITNEY!



UGH! I DID IT!... AND NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!



SO THEY'RE GOING TO ROB THE PARI-MUTUELS... THEY'LL GET AWAY WITH IT TOO - UNLESS BOB PHANTOM STEPS IN!

AT THE RACE TRACK... THE PARI-MUTUEL BETTING MACHINE HAS AN EXCEPTIONALLY HEAVY DAY....



\$2 ON STEP-UP!



HERE WE ARE, BOYS! HAVE YOUR 'VIOLINS' READY!?



HELLO, BOYS! RACE READY TO START?

HERE COMES EHRET, THE GUY WHO OPERATES THE ELECTRIC EYE... HELLO, PROFESSOR!



THE HORSES THUNDER DOWN THE HOME STRETCH..



AH! HERE THEY COME!! THIS IS ONE PHOTO-FINISH WHERE I SHALL KNOW THE WINNER IN ADVANCE - ME, PROFESSOR EHRET!?



BUT A SUDDEN RUSH OF WIND - A SWIRL OF SMOKE ...AND -

BOB PHANTOM, AGAIN!?



YOU SHAN'T RUIN MY PLANS! STAY WHERE YOU ARE UNTIL THE HORSES CROSS MY BEAM!



OOFF!?

SORRY!! THAT POP-GUN DOESN'T SCARE ME!

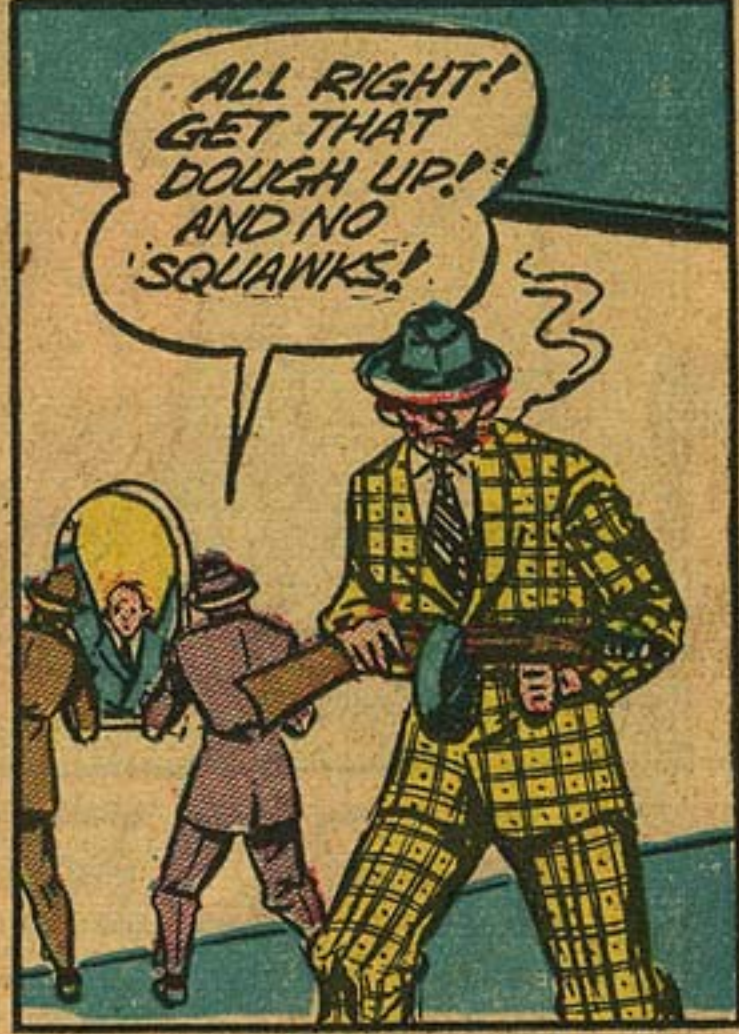
PROFESSOR EHRET BREAKS HIS OWN BEAM BEFORE THE HORSES CAN REACH IT!



THE EXPLOSION! THAT'S THE SIGNAL! LET'S GO, BOYS!



ALL RIGHT! GET THAT DOUGH UP! AND NO SQUAWKS!



HI YA, GANG! REMEMBER ME!



MY SPECIALTY'S FUMIGATING VERMIN LIKE YOU!!



OH, OH! HERE COME THE POLICE! I GUESS THEY CAN PICK UP FROM HERE!



NEXT DAY, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

YOU KNOW WHO BOB PHANTOM REALLY IS - NOW COME CLEAN!!

WELL, READ MY COLUMN TOMORROW, CHIEFY - IF YOU CAN READ!



**Broadway**  
By Walt Whitney

PERSONAL.... (To chief of police)  
BOB PHANTOM IS ANXIOUS TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE TOO, CHIEFY.... HE CAN'T MAKE UP HIS MIND WHETHER YOU'RE THE POLICE CHIEF OR YEROODI!

as primarily propaganda, or the growth of the... be ambitious and... barbarity and... man...

**BOB PHANTOM APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH COMICS -**

# SPORTS SLANTS

## HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE

**T**HE NEXT big innovation in eastern wrestling circles will be the introduction of grappling—ala gooey. In other words, exhibition catch as catch can—in mud.

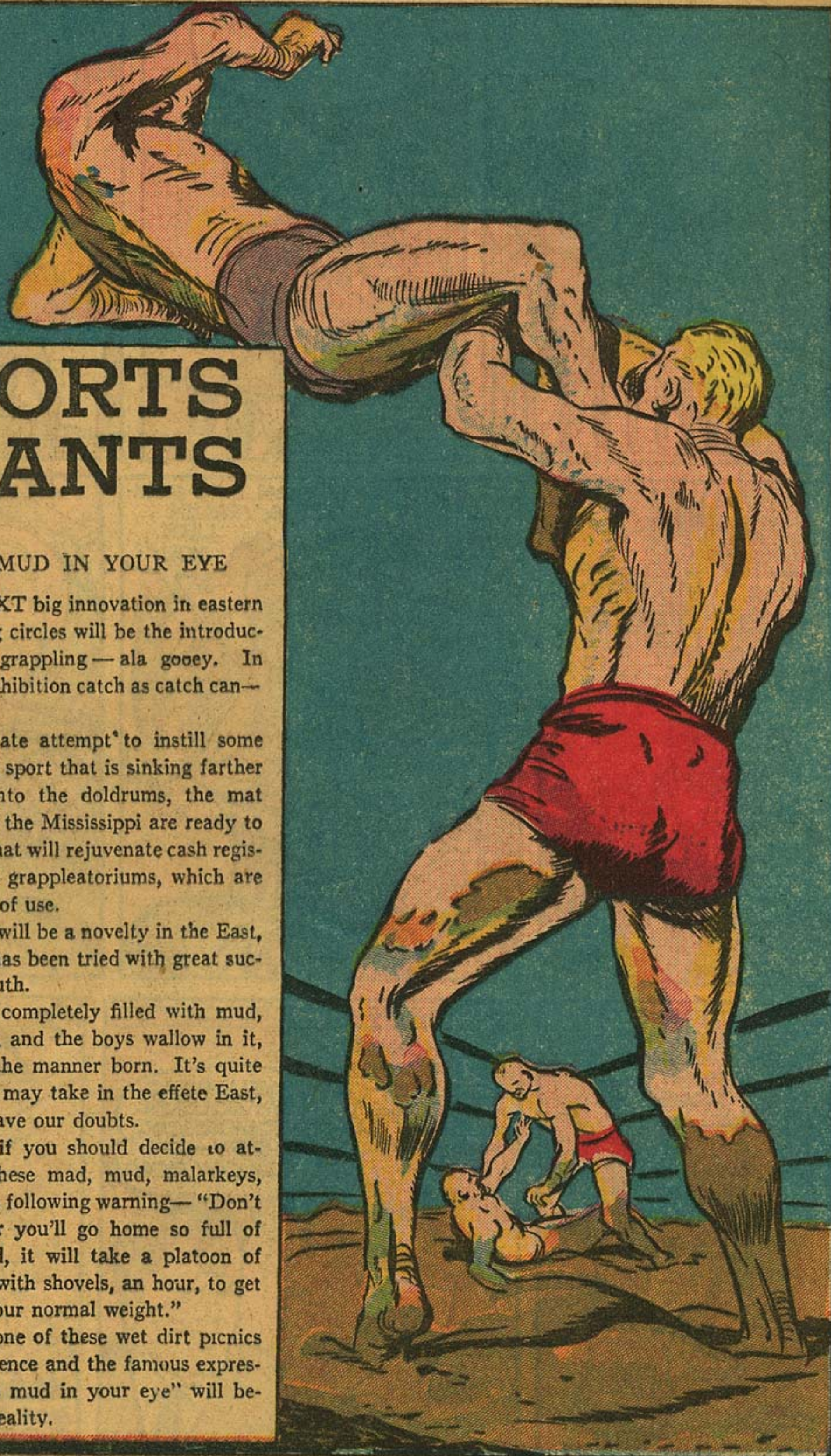
In a desperate attempt to instill some animation in a sport that is sinking farther and farther into the doldrums, the mat moguls east of the Mississippi are ready to try anything that will rejuvenate cash registers at eastern grappleatoriums, which are dying for lack of use.

Although it will be a novelty in the East, mud-mauling has been tried with great success in the South.

The ring is completely filled with mud, one foot thick, and the boys wallow in it, as though to the manner born. It's quite a novelty, and may take in the effete East, although we have our doubts.

When, and if you should decide to attend one of these mad, mud, malarkeys, please heed the following warning—“Don't sit ringside, or you'll go home so full of splattered mud, it will take a platoon of men, working with shovels, an hour, to get you back to your normal weight.”

Just honor one of these wet dirt picnics with your presence and the famous expression—“Here's mud in your eye” will become a stark reality.



# HERE IT IS

THE NEW  
NO. 2 ISSUE  
OF YOUR  
FAVORITE MAGAZINE



LOOK  
FOR  
Tommy  
THE  
SUPER  
BOY!

ALL  
NEW!  
ALL

DIFFERENT

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSTANDS

# KARDAK

THE MYSTIC  
MAGICIAN



KARDAK,  
HELP!

MASTER! LOOK!  
COMET SWEEPING DOWN  
AT US!

AFTER MANY FANTASTIC ADVENTURES,  
KARDAK, LORNA, AND BALTHAR ARE  
ABOUT TO REACH THE LAND OF THE  
MASTER BRAHMINS, IN THE MOST BIZARRE,  
MOST PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF ALL!

BEFORE KARDAK CAN USE HIS MAGIC,  
THE TAIL OF THE COMET SWOOPS DOWN,  
ON THEM!



AND SWEEPS THEM UPWARDS LIKE CHIPS  
ON A WAVE!



UP--UP--HIGH ABOVE THE CLOUDS!



IS NICE LOOPY LOOP  
RIDE, MASTER

LORNA! THIS IS  
IT! THE LAND OF  
THE MASTER  
BRAHMINS!

AND STILL ONWARD UNTIL THEY ARE  
DEPOSITED AT THE FEET OF THE KING!



SO! MASTER MAGICIAN! WE  
BRAHMINS ARE ALSO  
VERSED IN MAGIC, AS  
YOU NOW KNOW!

YOU ARE THE FIRST MORTALS EVER TO REACH OUR LAND. I HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO DISPOSE OF YOU MYSELF. YOU ARE TOO DANGEROUS!

MY TRIBE SHALL RULE YOUR EARTH. WE ARE THE WISEST OF ALL BEINGS. OUR GOD, THE FOUR-HEADED SIVA, SHALL BE THE GOD OF ALL THE WORLD!



LOOK, O KARDAK! I CONJURE UP A PICTURE OF THE FATE I HAVE IN STORE FOR YOUR PEOPLE!

A GREEN MIST ENVELOPS THE MORTALS IN THE VISION! SOME DIE OUTRIGHT. OTHERS ARE DRIVEN MAD! ALL IS CHAOS!



THAT IS THE FATE OF ALL WHO OPPOSE ME, KARDAK!



BUT KARDAK'S MAGIC IS ALSO POTENT.

PRESTO! GAS MASKS! AND MY PEOPLE ARE SAVED!



THUS WILL I FRUSTRATE YOU AT EVERY TURN, O MASTER-BRAHMIN. YOU SHALL NEVER RULE MY WORLD. BETTER FOR YOU TO RETURN TO YOUR OWN, IMMEDIATELY!



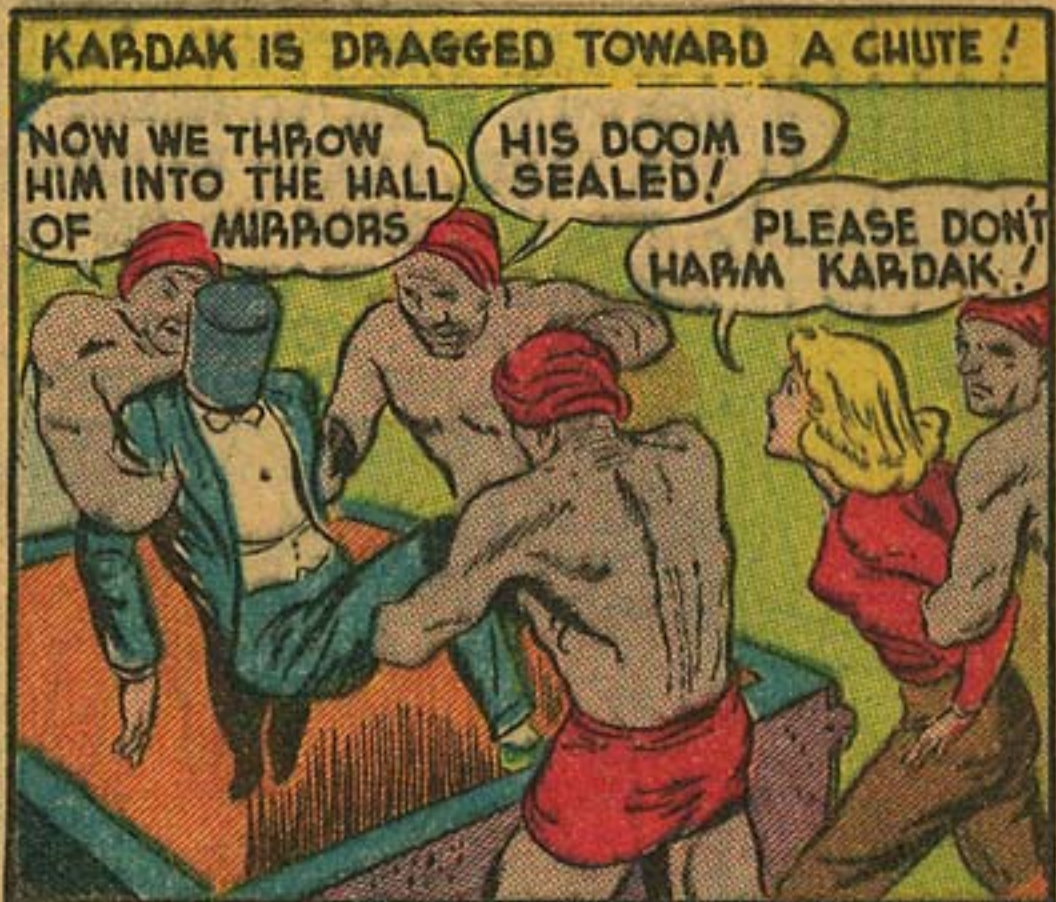
FOOL! I KNOW YOUR WEAKNESS! IT IS IN YOUR EYES! I SEND A BLACK CLOUD TO BEFOG YOU - AND YOU ARE HELPLESS!







THIS IRON MASK WILL KEEP HIM FROM SEEING!



NOW WE THROW HIM INTO THE HALL OF MIRRORS

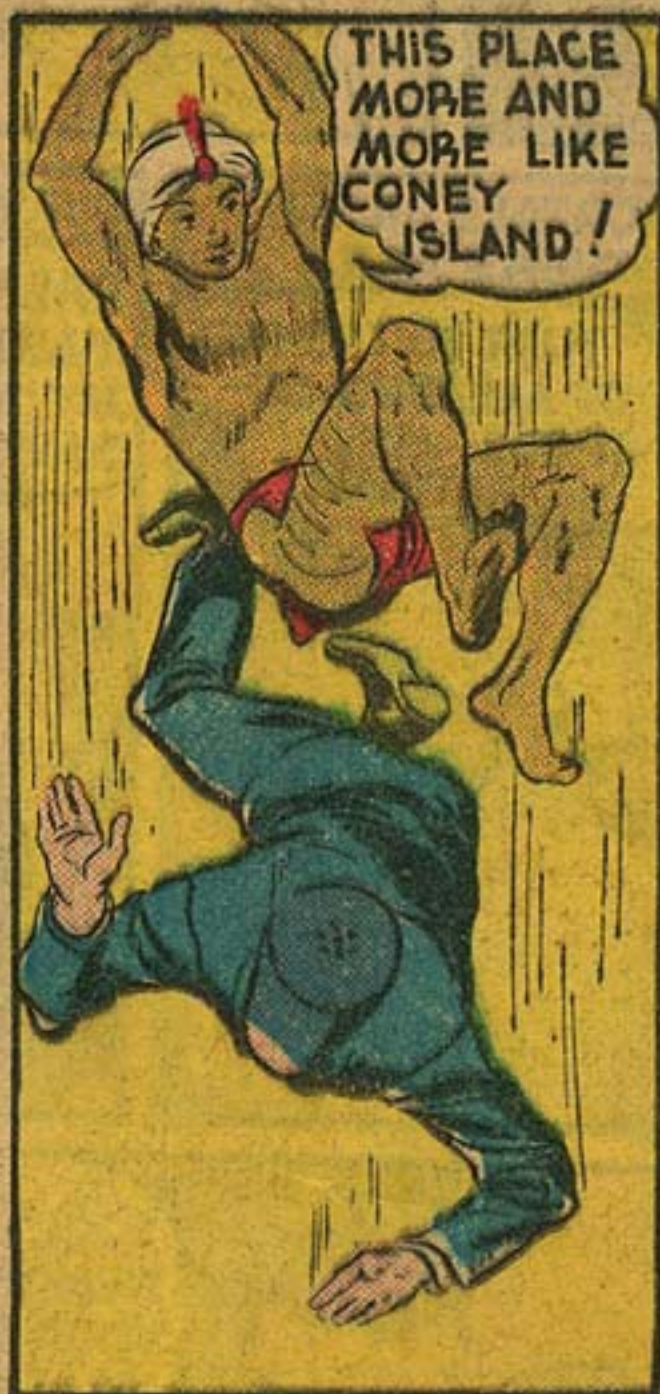
HIS DOOM IS SEALED!

PLEASE DON'T HARM KARDAK!



THE FAITHFUL BALTHAR BREAKS LOOSE

MASTER! ME COME TOO!



THIS PLACE MORE AND MORE LIKE CONEY ISLAND!



BALTHAR! WHERE ARE WE? IS THERE ANY WAY OUT?

OO! MUCH DIZZY! EVERYWHERE, SEE FACE OF BALTHAR, AND IS NOT VERY PRETTY!



MASTER! GREEN GAS COME! WHAT DO?

THE GREEN MIST! RUN, BALTHAR! WE'RE DONE FOR, IF IT ENVELOPS US!



BUT BALTHAR IS MET AT EVERY TURN BY MIRRORS

THIS LOOK LIKE PASSAGEWAY! OOF! ME WRONG!



BALTHAR! YOUR MAGIC TURBAN! TAKE IT OFF! FLING IT! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

ME DO!

THE MAGIC TURBAN REVEALS A PASSAGEWAY THROUGH THE MIRRORRED CORRIDORS!



IT WORK, MASTER, HOLD ME BY HAND!

I'LL BE YOUR QUEEN- ONLY PLEASE DON'T HARM MY FRIENDS!

MEANWHILE, THE KING USHERS LORNA TO THE SACRED TEMPLE ROOM OF SIVA



I SHALL NEED A MORTAL QUEEN WHEN I RULE YOUR WORLD. COME SIVA, SHALL CONSECRATE YOU!



NO! THEY MUST DIE! AND NOW FOR THE SACRED CEREMONY!

NO! NO!



SIVA, O GOD OF MY PEOPLE, IN YOUR NAME DO I MAKE THIS MORTAL MY QUEEN



IT IS DONE! ONCE I HAVE ESTABLISHED MY RULE, YOU SHALL DIE TOO - AS DID YOUR FRIENDS!



THE EARTHLINGS! HOW... WHAT...

YOU MAKE UM BUM GUESS, KING, WE STILL GOT MUCH LIFE!



NOW BALTHAR FIX YOU!

STOP HIM! STOP HIM!



BALTHAR HURLS THE KING INTO THE FLAMES

HELP! DON'T!

YOU LIKE UM YOUR GOD SO MUCH, YOU GO TO HIM!

THE ENRAGED BRAHMINS RUSH TOWARD BALTHAR



STOP! I AM YOUR RULER NOW! I FORBID YOU TO TOUCH HIM!

SIVA WOULD DESTROY US IF WE DIS-OBEYED!

IT IS TRUE!



NOW, RELEASE KARDAK!

GOOD GIRL, LORNA! THAT'S USING YOUR HEAD!



LORNA! THEY MUST OBEY YOUR COMMANDS. NOW LISTEN, BZZ ... BZZ....

I'LL TRY IT, KARDAK!



I- YOUR QUEEN, ORDER YOU TO GIVE UP THE PLAN OF CONQUERING THE EARTH. GO BACK TO YOUR OWN LAND!

NO! NO!

WE CANNOT!



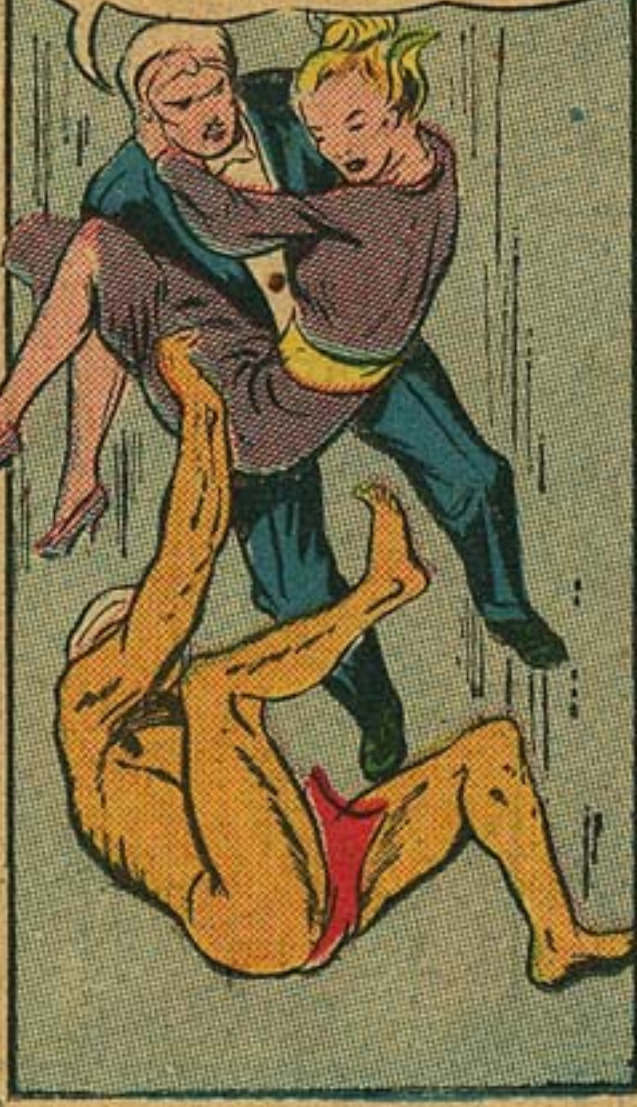
REMEMBER! THE WRATH OF SIVA WILL STRIKE YOU DOWN IF YOU DEFY YOUR RULER! I COMMAND YOU!

THE BRAHMINS ARE FORCED TO ACCEDE. A ROLL OF THUNDER, A BURST OF SMOKE, AND THE LAND ABOVE THE CLOUDS DISAPPEARS



THE EARTHLINGS HURTLE DOWN!

THAT WAS QUICK WORK.. DON'T WORRY, I'LL SEE TO IT WE LAND SAFELY.



HERE WE ARE! ATOP THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING! OUR MISSION IS DONE.

I'M CERTAINLY GLAD TO BE BACK IN MY OWN WORLD!



GOING DOWN?

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